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CANADIAN SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE

KING HENRY V

STEVENSON

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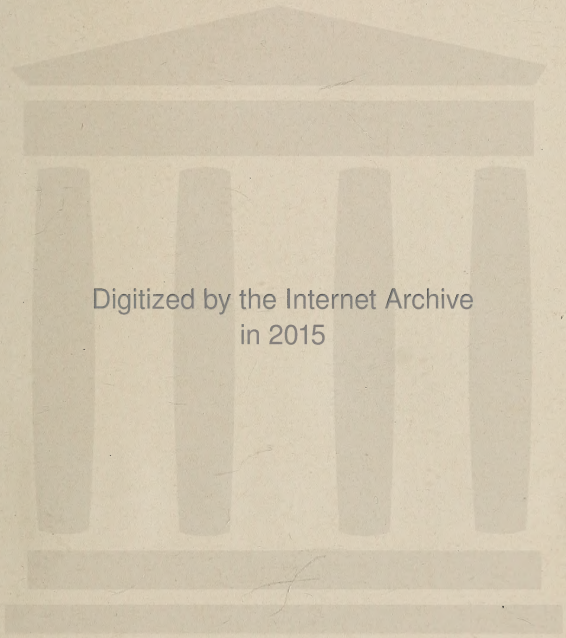

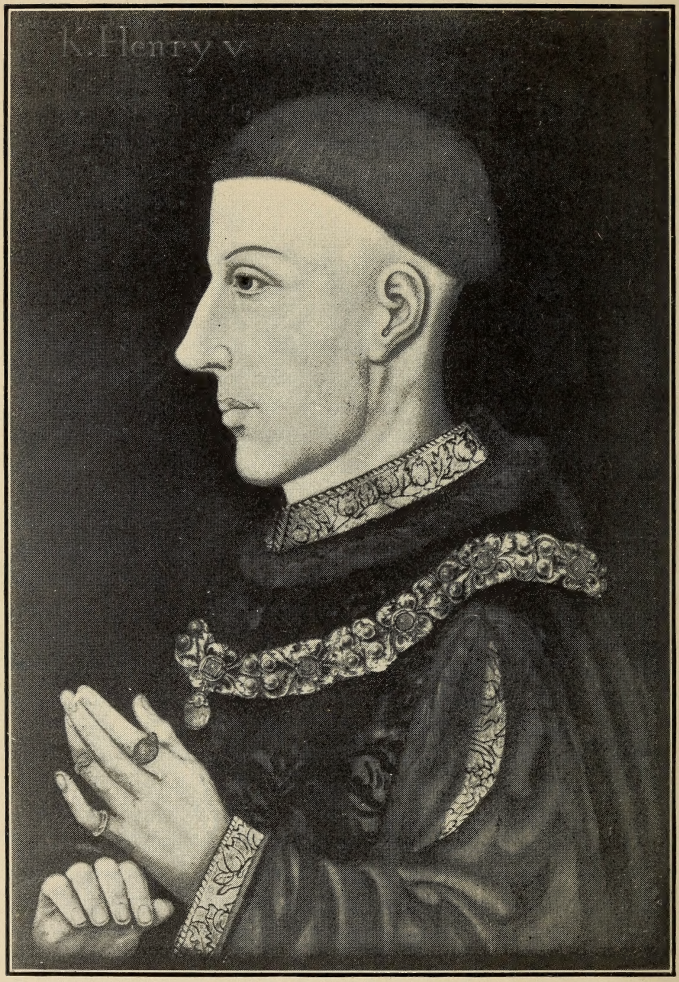

National Portrait Gallery London.

KING HENRY V.

CANADIAN SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY THE FIFTH

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY

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PREFACE

The Canadian School Shakespeare, as the name implies, is intended for use in Public and High Schools in Canada; and the annotations have been prepared especially with a view to the requirements of pupils in these schools. Besides the explanation of difficulties in the text, the notes on each scene include a brief critical comment, and following the annotations on each Act are a number of questions for review. On the last page of the book will be found a list of composition subjects based on the play.

The Introduction to the play contains an analysis of the characters and plot, and such general information as the study of the play requires. The material is so arranged that the pupil in junior classes may easily obtain the help that he finds necessary; while at the same time the senior pupil will also find in the book all the assistance he requires in preparation for his examinations.

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INTRODUCTION

The Life of Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on April 23rd, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was, in early life, a prosperous citizen of Stratford; his mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Warwickshire. Between the ages of seven and fourteen, Shakespeare probably attended the Stratford Grammar School, where, among other things, he received some training in Latin. In the year 1582, before he was nineteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, a woman who was some eight years his senior. Two of their children, Susanna and Judith, married, but only one of Shakespeare's grand-children reached maturity, and with her death in 1669 or 1670 the poet's family became extinct.

About the year 1586, Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, where he appears to have obtained employment in some capacity in connection with the London theatres. About 1588 he began making over old plays, and in 1590 he probably wrote his first original drama. During the next twenty years, from 1590 to 1610, he produced play after play, and there is abundant evidence to show the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. In 1594 he was a member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players. When the Globe theatre was built in 1599, Shakespeare was one of the chief shareholders, and most of his plays were acted in this theatre.

In the meantime he had begun to acquire property in Stratford. In 1597 he had purchased the fine residence known as New Place, and from this time forward he appears to have looked more and more to Stratford as his home. About the year 1610 or 1611, he left London and returned to Stratford with the apparent intention of living in ease and retirement on the competence which he had accumulated. A few years later, however, his health failed, and he died in April, 1616, in his fifty-second year. He was buried in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Stratford.

Shakespeare's literary career is generally, for the sake of convenience, divided into four periods, according to the character of the plays which he produced:

(*a*) 1588-1594. This is largely a period of apprenticeship. To this period belong, *Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors, Richard III.*, and possibly *Romeo and Juliet.*

(*b*) 1594-1600. During this period most of the great comedies and the English historical plays were produced. To this period belong, *A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Richard II., Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*

(*c*) 1600-1606. During this period most of the great tragedies were produced. To this period belong *Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear* and *Macbeth.*

(*d*) 1606-1612. This is a period of later tragedy and of serious comedy. To this period belong, *Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Cymbeline, The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale.*

Shakespeare himself took no pains to preserve his plays in permanent form. In all only fifteen of his plays were printed during his lifetime. In 1623, however, seven years after his death, a complete collection of his plays, thirty-six in all, were published in what is known as *The Folio of 1623.*

Note.—A folio page is about the size of an ordinary page of foolscap (about 13″ x 8½″), formed by folding the printer's sheet of paper once. When the printer's sheet is divided into four parts, the size of page is known as *quarto*; when divided into eight parts it is *octavo*; when divided into twelve parts it is *duodecimo.* The plays which were printed during Shakespeare's lifetime were published in quarto volumes, as distinguished from the later folios.

The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.

The first theatre in London was built in 1576, and was known as *The Theatre.* Both this and other theatres which followed, The Curtain, The Globe, Blackfriars, and others, were built outside the city limits in order to escape the restrictions which were placed on the theatre by the Puritans. Most of the theatres were frame structures which were open to the sky, the only roofed part being the stage, or, at most, the raised seats next the walls. The better class of people occupied seats in the boxes overlooking the stage, or sat on stools or reclined on the rushes on the floor of the stage itself. The floor of the pit was merely hard earth, and it was not provided with seats. The admission to the pit was only a penny, and here the rabble crowded together, jostled each other, cracked nuts, ate apples, and laughed and joked and made sport of the actors.

The performance of the play began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and usually lasted two or three hours. The stage was hung with black

to indicate tragedy, and with blue to indicate comedy. There was no curtain to mark the opening and closing of the scenes, and beyond a few simple articles of furniture, no scenery of any account was used. At the back of the stage was a sort of gallery or balcony, which served the purpose of an upper room, or any place which was raised above the level of the ordinary scene. A change of place was indicated by a board with the name painted on it, as, London, Venice, Rome, Sardis. A light blue flag was used to indicate a day scene,—a dark flag to indicate a night scene. The women's parts in the play were acted by boys, and women did not appear even among the audience unless they wore masks. It was not until after the Restoration, that movable stage scenery was introduced, and that female parts were acted by women.

The Metre of Shakespeare's Plays.

The plays of Shakespeare are written in blank verse, that is, verse in which the lines do not rhyme. Each line contains five feet, consisting of two syllables each, with the accent falling on the second syllable. This measure is known as *iambic pentameter.*

When we mark the divisions between feet and indicate the accents in a line of poetry, we are said to *scan* it. Where the metre is perfectly regular, the scansion presents no difficulty; but very frequently the poet finds it necessary to vary his metre, either for the sake of avoiding monotony or for the purpose of producing certain special effects. The following are the most important of the variations which occur in the metre of Shakespeare:

(*a*) Sometimes, especially after a pause, the accent falls upon the first syllable instead of the second, as, for example:

Wo'e to / the ha'nd / that sh'ed / this co'st/ly blo'od!
What ju'dg/ment sh'all / I dre'ad, / d'oing / no wro'ng?

(*b*) An extra syllable is frequently added, especially at the end of a line, as, for example:

Art th'ou / some g'od, / some a'n/gel o'r / some de'v/il?
It dr'op/peth a's / the ge'n/tle ra'in / from he'av/en.

(*c*) Sometimes a foot contains two unaccented syllables, as, for example, in the following lines:

I am ne'v/er m'er/ry wh'en / I he'ar / sweet m'u/sic;
Let me s'ee, / let me s'ee, / was n'ot / the lea'f / turn'd dow'n?

In many cases, however, one of the unaccented syllables is elided, or slurred over in reading, as, for example, in the following :

Canst tho'u / not m'in/(i)ster t'o / a mi'nd / dise'ased ?
We'll se'nd / Mark A'n / t(o)ny t'o / the·Se'n/ate-ho'use.
Macb'eth / doth m'urder sle'ep, / the i'n/n(o)cent sl'eep.

(*d*) Certain groups of letters which are now pronounced as one syllable, are sometimes pronounced as two syllables in Shakespeare, as, for example, in the following :

The noble Brutus
Hath to'ld / you Ca'es/ar wa's / amb'it / i-o'us.
Misli'ke / me n'ot / for m'y / comple'x/i-o'n.

(*e*) It frequently happens that among the accented syllables in a line of poetry some have a stronger stress than others ; and in order to scan a line, it is sometimes necessary to accent words which according to the sense have no stress, as, for example, in the case of the italicized words in the following :

Throw phy's/ic *to'* / the do'gs ; / I'll no'ne / of i't !
There *i's* / a ti'de / in *th'e* / affa'irs / of me'n.

Rhyme is used by Shakespeare chiefly for the purpose of giving emphasis to those lines in which the speaker expresses a purpose or decision, and it very frequently marks the close of a scene. Shakespeare used rhyme much more freely in his earlier than in his later plays.

Prose. Shakespeare makes use of prose in his plays wherever the characters belong to a lower level of society, as, for example, the citizens in *Julius Cæsar*, the porter in *Macbeth*, and Lancelot Gobbo, the clown, in *The Merchant of Venice*. Prose is also used in letters, as, for example, that of Bellario in *The Merchant of Venice*, and for rhetorical speeches, as in the case of the paper of Artemidorus and the oration of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. Sometimes also, prose is used for the purpose of producing a special dramatic effect, as in the case of Casca's assumed bluntness of manner in *Julius Cæsar* ; and in the scene in *The Merchant of Venice* where Shylock is "tortured" by Tubal ; and in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*.

KING HENRY V.

Date of the Play.

King Henry V. was almost certainly first acted in the spring or summer of 1599. In the Prologue to Act V. there is a distinct reference to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland in 1599. He left London on March 27 and returned on September 28, so that the play must have been acted within that period. The reference to Essex in the Prologue could scarcely have been added at a later date, for the expedition was a failure and he did not return in triumph as anticipated in the Prologue. The play was first published in quarto form in 1600 ; but in the Quartos the Prologues and several other passages were omitted, and the complete text appeared for the first time in the First Folio of 1623.

Sources of the Plot.

The play of *King Henry V.* is based mainly on the account of King Henry contained in the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland,* published in 1587. An older play published in 1588 or earlier, entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* is supposed to have given the dramatist some suggestions as to minor details of his plot. In the main, Shakespeare follows Holinshed closely; but he transforms his material, and in some minor points, for dramatic effect, he departs from his authority. The comic characters in the play, Pistol, Bardolph, Nym, Fluellen, and others, are Shakespeare's own creation.

Structure of the Play.

In a well constructed drama the First Act forms the introduction. It introduces most of the leading characters, and lays the foundation of the plot. In the Second Act the "complication" is presented. In other words, the difficulties arising out of the situation presented in Act I, are developed. In the Third Act the crisis is reached. Usually the middle of the Third Act is the dramatic centre of the play, to which

everything in the first half of the play leads, and upon which everything in the second half depends. In the latter half of the play, usually in the Fourth Act, but sometimes in the Fifth, the dénouement or "resolution" is presented, in which the difficulties of the complication are overcome. The Fifth Act forms the natural conclusion of the play, showing the effects of the dénouement on the fortunes of the various characters in the story.

The play of King Henry V. is in reality less of a drama than of a great epic poem. It presents a narrative, a series of successive events, rather than the development of a plot. There is, properly speaking, no "complication". The play does not lead to any crisis unless the battle of Agincourt can be considered as such; and, consequently, aside from the results of the battle in Act IV., there is no dénouement. In the "plot" of *Henry V.* there is only one main thread, the story of the campaign in France, and this is scarcely enough in itself to furnish material for the play. Accordingly certain minor episodes are introduced,—the exposure of the conspiracy, the incident of the tennis balls, the lesson in French, the glove incident, the humiliation of Pistol; but none of these episodes are essential to the plot. They are largely in the nature of "fillers" to engage the attention of the audience or to divert them in the intervals of the main action.

The main action of the play proper ends with Act IV., and the criticism is sometimes made that the addition of Act V. in reality weakens the play as a whole. It is true there are elements of weakness in the presentation of the "peace" scene, for in order to include it in the play it was necessary not only to pass over the events of the intervening five years, but also to introduce two new characters, the Duke of Burgundy and Queen Isabel. But Shakespeare knew that in order to satisfy his audience it was necessary, even at the risk of making the play disjointed, to round off the story with the final scene as it stands. At the close of the play Henry's ambitions are realized. He has been proclaimed heir to the crown of France, and after a soldier's wooing he has won the hand of "Katharine the Fair". "All's well that ends well", and even though the critics may complain, the audience at least are satisfied,

Sources of Interest.

In spite of the fact that *King Henry V.* is not so dramatic in character as most of Shakespeare's other plays, it holds the interest of the audience. The First Act, it is true, is heavy and unrelieved by humour; but the remainder of the play is full of action and incident. There is sufficient life and movement and sufficient variety of character and scene to entertain the dullest spectator. To the entertainment of the audience the humorous scenes and humorous characters of the play contribute very greatly. In the foibles and humours of Pistol, Bardolph, Nym, the Hostess, Fluellen, Macmorris and Jamy, there is a never-failing source of enjoyment. And if at any point in the play the interest in the action should begin to flag, there is still something to attract the eye. The church dignitaries, the English king and lords in council, the French nobles, the red-coated soldiers, all provide an opportuuity for display of costume which adds not a little to the enjoyment of the play.

But the chief interest in the play lies after all in the character and utterances of the King himself. The audience were familiar with him as the riotous Prince Hal; and now in *King Henry V.* he appeared to them as "the pattern of all Christian kings", the embodiment of the ideals and purposes of all patriotic Englishmen. To an Elizabethan audience, with the defeat of the great Armada still fresh in memory, the speeches of the King at Harfleur and before Agincourt made a stirring appeal.

In addition to the development of character and plot, there are certain special devices which a dramatist frequently makes use of to heighten the interest of the audience,—the oracular element, dramatic irony, suspense, the supernatural, and nemesis, or artistic justice. In *King Henry V.*, Shakespeare has made little use of these special sources of interest. The only thing resembling the oracular in the play is the declaration of the purposes of the King, in the fulfilment of which we are interested. Little effort is made to add to the effect of the play by holding the audience in suspense; for there is no doubt from the first as to the outcome of the battle. The dramatist makes no use of the supernatural or of the element of nemesis. The only special device which is

used for dramatic effect is irony. The irony of the King makes the conspiracy scene more effective, and in the different scenes in which the French lords make light of the English, the dramatist makes special use of dramatic irony.

Important Characters in the Play.

In the play of *King Henry V.* there are more than forty characters, and of all this number there are only three or four who have outstanding personal qualities that distinguish them from others.

King Henry V. The King is the most important character in the play, and Shakespeare has evidently intended to portray him as an ideal king. In the very beginning of the play, the reference to the wildness of his youth and to his sudden reformation is made the occasion for an eulogy of his good qualities as a king. The Archbishop of Canterbury is lost in admiration of the "sudden scholar" who is equally at home in divinity, in statecraft, and in the art of war. Exeter informs the French that the king "weighs time even to the utmost grain"; and the Constable warns the French lords who speak slightingly of him, that he is to be feared and that

> "his vanities forespent
> Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
> Covering discretion with a coat of folly".

When the King himself appears, his own conduct shows him to be worthy of this high praise. In the scenes in which he deals with the affairs of state, in the discussion of his claims to the French crown, in his provisions for safeguarding England, in his exposure of the conspiracy, in his replies to the French herald, and in the peace conference at Troyes, he displays a firmness and decision of character, a sense of responsibility and a capacity for government which shows that he is master of "the art and practic part of life" as well as the "theoric". In his conduct of the war itself he displays a spirit and energy which inspires his soldiers and gives them courage by his example. There is nothing in the English language that is finer, of its kind, than his address to his soldiers at Harfleur and his picture of the honour that shall come to those who have fought upon Saint Crispin's day. He

is ambitious, to be sure, for power and honour. "France being ours", he declares, "we'll bend it to our awe,

Or break it all to pieces ; or there we'll sit
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms".

And later he confesses that,

"If it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive".

But in a mediaeval king, personal ambition was less of a fault than it would be in a modern ruler.

And yet his pursuit of fame and his ambition for conquest are not such as to destroy his sensibility to the claims of justice and humanity. Before he takes the fatal step that shall plunge England and France into war, he demands to know whether he may "with right and conscience make this claim", and whether he has the sanction of the Church for so serious an undertaking. In his conduct of the war he gives express commands that "nothing be compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided and abused in disdainful language". The records of history unfortunately show that in his conduct of the war the King was less merciful than he appears in the play ; but even in the play itself the killing of the French prisoners by the orders of the King appears to us to be barbarous cruelty. Yet even this wantonly cruel act Shakespeare has passed over lightly, representing it to be the result of the just anger of the King at the treachery of the French. According to Shakespeare's conception of his ideal king, this example of stern retribution is no blot upon his character.

And in those scenes in which his personal qualities are portrayed he appears no less admirable as a man than as a sovereign. His modesty, his frankness, his simplicity and freedom from guile, his courteous and dignified demeanor, his personal courage, his religious sense and patriotic fervor, his cheerful optimism which sees "some soul of goodness in things evil", and even his sense of humour when the occasion arises,—all these are qualities which make him an ideal leader of men. His most striking characteristic is perhaps his religious sense and it is this quality more than anything else, which gives poise and strength to his character. His plans and purposes,

he assures us "lie all within the will of God", and when he receives the news of victory he makes it punishable by death to "take that praise from God which is His only". His one defect, if defect he has, is that he is somewhat unimaginative and unromantic in temper,—even in his soldier's wooing, although on one occasion, the speech to Westmoreland before the battle of Agincourt, he gives evidence of poetic imagination. But on the whole he is a man of action, practical, prudent, straightforward, purposeful; and as a man of action he is the finest example—whether or not we agree with his motives,—of dramatic portraiture in Shakespeare.

Fluellen. Next to the King, the most interesting character in the play is Fluellen. He is a talkative, but brave and honest, Welshman,—a mixture of simplicity and pedantry, and not without a touch of conceit. He is so gullible that the swagger and bluster of Pistol deceives him, and yet so frankly outspoken that he is ready to reprove his superior officer for loud talking, and talks to the King as he would to a fellow-soldier in a Welsh regiment. The one subject on which he is never tired of talking is "the disciplines of the wars", and he is constantly showing off his learning by quoting the names of great military commanders such as Pompey and Alexander the Great. But yet he is no coward. When the fight at Harfleur is at its hottest he is in the thick of it, and when the battle itself is over he knows how to use his cudgel on the cowardly Pistol. "Though it be a little out of fashion", declares the King, "there is much care and valour in this Welshman".

Pistol is the type of the ranting bragging camp follower, with "a killing tongue and a quiet sword". In his speech he is given, above all things, to alliteration, and to the use of bombastic phrases picked up from the ranting speeches of the playhouse. He is, of course, a coward, as most bullies are, and when he offers to fight with Nym, it is only because he knows that Nym is as great a coward as himself; and by his blustering manner he bullies his French prisoner into abject submission. Because Fluellen is talkative, Pistol imagines him to be a coward too, and wantonly insults him; but his experience with Fluellen's cudgel teaches him a well deserved lesson. Yet even under the blows of Fluellen's cudgel his affectation

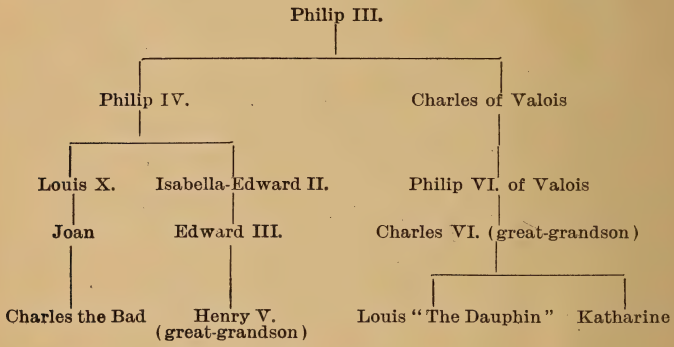
of bravery does not forsake him, and in one of the most humorous lines in the play he declares that "all Hell shall stir for this". But even if Pistol were not interesting in other respects there would still be humour in his knavery. Before he sets out for the war he unblushingly confesses that he is going to France, "like horse-leeches, my boys,—to suck, to suck, the very blood to suck". He tells us that he is to be sutler of the camp "and profits will accrue"; and in the end of the play when he has been cudgelled by Fluellen he determines on his return to England, to get patches for his scars, and swear he "got them in the Gallia wars". He is the type of humorous rogue whom it is agreeable to meet—in a play.

Macmorris and **Jamy** are respectively types of the choleric and phlegmatic temperaments. Macmorris is "sudden and quick in quarrel"; Jamy is cautious and ready at any time to enjoy an argument. **Nym** and **Bardolph** are, like Pistol "sworn brothers in filching", and both are arrant cowards. Nym contents himself with indulging in vague insinuations and mysterious hints as to the terrible things he will do, according to "the humour of it"; while Bardolph's companions find in his red face, which is "all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire", a perennial source of humour.

Of the other characters in the play, the English nobles, **Gloucester, Bedford, York, Salisbury, Westmoreland, Warwick**; the traitors, **Cambridge, Scroop** and **Grey**; the church dignitaries, **Canterbury** and **Ely**; and even the common soldiers, **Bates, Court**, and **Williams**, are all lacking in distinct individuality and are little more than types. The same is practically true of the French nobles. The **Constable** is perhaps the most entitled to our respect for his courage; and the **Dauphin** earns our contempt for his shallowness and boastfulness, and for his insults to the English King. The dramatist uses him chiefly as a foil to set off the finer qualities of King Henry. The **Duke of Burgundy** appears only once in the play and is a minor character. The **Princess Katharine** is pretty and naive, but insipid. **Queen Isabel** has no outstanding traits of character, and historically she was known by her bad rather than by her good qualities.

Historical Background.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward III. (1327-1377) the English king held possession of only one French province,—Gascony in the southwest of France. During the war between England and Scotland in the early part of Edward's reign, the French attacked Gascony, and in return Edward was forced to declare war on France,—and thus the Hundred Years' War began. Edward was, however, not satisfied with merely defending his dukedom in France,—but boldly laid claim to the French crown itself. The following table will help to make clear just what grounds he had for this claim:



Edward, it will be seen, claimed the crown through his mother Isabella. But his claim was rendered void by the operation of the Salique law, which debarred female claimants and their heirs from succeeding to the throne. And even if the Salique law were not in operation, the descendants of Louis X. had a better claim to the crown than Edward.

The war with France began in 1337. In 1346 Edward won a decisive victory over the French at Crécy, and this victory was followed ten years later by the defeat of the French at Poitiers. But although Edward's victory was so decisive he finally admitted that his title to the French crown was worthless, and by the treaty of Bretigny in 1660, in return for the province of Aquitaine he definitely renounced his

claim to the throne. But misfortune overtook him in the later years of his reign and before his death the French had won back the greater part of both Aquitaine and Gascony.

Richard II. succeeded Edward III. (1377), but in 1399 he was deposed by Henry Bolingbroke, who was crowned king as Henry IV. The chief energies of Henry IV. were spent in crushing rebellions at home, but he nevertheless carried on intrigues with France and revived his claim to the lost French provinces. In the meantime France itself was distracted by disputes between two rival factions. Charles VI., king of France, was insane, and two parties, led by the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy respectively, were engaged in a struggle for supremacy. When Henry V. came to the English throne the Orleanists, anxious to obtain his support, offered to restore to him the lost province of Aquitaine, and proposed to give him the hand of the Princess Katharine in marriage (see Prologue to Act III., ll. 28-31). Henry, however, promptly refused these terms and revived the claims of Edward III. to the French crown itself.

It is hardly necessary to point out that Henry had in reality no legal claim to the French crown. Edward III. had, as already stated, renounced his claim by the treaty of Bretigny; and if the claim of Edward III. was not valid, neither was that of his great-grandson Henry V. And furthermore, the claim of Henry V. was rendered still less valid by the fact that he himself did not hold the English throne by direct succession from Edward III., since Edmund Mortimer, the Earl of March, was the true heir to the throne. However, in April, 1415, he announced his intention of invading France, and during the summer he assembled his forces at Southampton. A few weeks before his departure from Southampton, a dangerous conspiracy was discovered, the purpose of which was to murder Henry and place Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, on the throne. The conspirators were arrested and executed, and about ten days later the English forces, about 10,000 men in all, embarked for Harfleur. Harfleur was taken after a siege of five weeks, and then, perhaps because of sickness in his army, Henry decided to march northward along the coast to Calais. He met with delays, and after crossing the Somme, he found the French Constable

barring his path with an army of 30,000 men. In the battle of Agincourt, which followed, the French were utterly routed, and left eight thousand dead on the field.

During the next four years, after fruitless negotiations for peace, Henry besieged and captured most of the important towns in northern France, including the city of Rouen ; and then in 1419 an event happened which enabled him to make satisfactory terms with the French. Before the battle of Agincourt, in order to repel the common invader, the Burgundians and Orleanists had patched up a truce and united their forces against the enemy; but after their defeat, the Burgundians withdrew their support from the Orleanists and remained neutral. In 1419, however, John, Duke of Burgundy, was treacherously murdered by an Orleanist ; and as a result his son Philip (the Duke of Burgundy who appears in the play) gave Henry his full support against the Orleanists. Queen Isabel had also, previous to this, left the Orleanist party and joined the Burgundians. With these forces combined against them the Orleanists could hold out no longer, and by the treaty of Troyes peace was made with England the following year. The two most important conditions of this treaty,—the marriage of Henry with Princess Katharine, and his succession to the French crown—are set forth in the closing scene of the play.

Time Analysis.

The action of the play covers a period of approximately seven years. The First Act compresses into less than an hour's time, events which in reality occupy a whole year. In April, 1414, the bill, mentioned in the very first line of the play, for confiscating the revenues of the Church, was presented to the Parliament at Leicester. Shortly after this, Henry sent ambassadors to make demands of the French, and in reply to these demands the Dauphin sent the "tun" of tennis balls (Scene III., ll. 254-5). The "spiritual convocation" (Scene I., l. 76) which met in September, sanctioned the war, but it was not until the spring of 1415 that Henry declared his intention to invade France. (Scene II., ll. 222-4.)

Between the First and Second Acts there is an interval of two or three months, and the events of Act II. occupy about

a month. The king left London for Southampton in June. The conspiracy of Cambridge was discovered on July 20, 1415. On August 11th the king sailed for Harfleur.

Act III. occupies a period of a little over two months, from the departure of the English for Harfleur (Aug. 11) to the morning of the battle of Agincourt (Oct. 25). The siege of Harfleur alone lasted nearly five weeks, and Henry did not set out for Calais until two weeks after its surrender, —although in the play he is represented as setting out on the following day. (Act III., Sc. III., ll. 57-8.)

The events of Act IV. follow closely on those of Act III. At the close of Act III. it is two o'clock in the morning. (Sc. VII., l. 125.) The Prologue describes the passage of the night. The battle takes place the next day,—lasting some three hours. In reality the French Herald came to the English camp the morning after the battle instead of on the same day; but this is of no special importance.

Between Act IV. and the peace conference in Act V. an interval of nearly five years elapses. The Prologue accounts in part for the passage of this time. It describes the return of Henry to England a few weeks after the battle, and the fruitless negotiations of Sigismund, the following year; but it omits all mention of the three years' warfare in France (1416-1419) and of the events that immediately preceded the treaty. The treaty was signed on May 21st, 1420, and the marriage of Henry took place a fortnight later.

In some of the plays of Shakespeare the events of several years are, for dramatic effect, represented as following one another in close succession. But in the play of *King Henry V.* this is impossible, and the dramatist relies chiefly on the speeches of the Chorus to bridge over the intervals of time so as to prevent the audience from feeling that there is anything incongruous in having widely separated events follow one another closely in the different scenes of the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.
CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mrs. Quickly, and now married to Pistol.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers and Attendants.
Chorus.

SCENE.—*England; afterwards France.*

KING HENRY V

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;

Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit*

ACT I

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,

Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,

Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did the offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceive his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The presence chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs gave edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant":
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land":
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,

Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the aforesaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,

Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,

She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
West. But there's a saying very old and true,
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin":
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously :
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter AMBASSADORS *of France.*

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,

And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them ; for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message,

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

ACT II

Prologue

Flourish. *Enter* Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit*

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter Corporal NYM *and* Lieutenant BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*

Host. O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. "Solus", egregious dog? O viper vile!
The "solus" in thy most mervailous face;
The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or another, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. "Couple a gorge!"
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
I have, and I will hold the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and Boy*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Hostess

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

SCENE II. *Southampton. A council-chamber*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. *Enter* KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best endued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, guarded*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. London. *Before a tavern*

Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* BOY.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell! 8

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be 'o good cheer." So 'a cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay that 'a did.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire? 30

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and movables:
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay":
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *France The King's palace*

Flourish. *Enter the* FRENCH KING, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKES OF BERRI *and* BRETAGNE, *the* CONSTABLE, *and others.*

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,

And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go and bring them. [*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter LORDS, *with* EXETER *and train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and the true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greetings too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France

Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you should read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Flourish. Exeunt*

ACT III

Prologue

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,

With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit*

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worthy of your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

SCENE II. *The same*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

"Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame."

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

"If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie."

Boy. "As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough."

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould. 21
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal

any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have made me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit* 52

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *Following*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is no better directions. 62

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog. 71

Enter MACMORRIS *and* Captain JAMY

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the

king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal—What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls: the English forces below. Enter* KING HENRY *and his train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As sends precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.

If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours:
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter.
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

SCENE IV. *The French King's palace*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ?

Alice. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Écoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglais.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude ?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous pro-

noncez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d' Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails,— 41

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur, d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh ! le foot et le coun ! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble ; de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun. 55

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à diner.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *The same*

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE OF BOURBON, *the* CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme,

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,

Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN, *meeting*

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I re-

member him now ; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names : and they will learn you by rote where services were done ; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new tuned oaths : and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower ; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is : if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. *Enter* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers

God pless your majesty !

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen ! camest thou from the bridge ?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge ; the French is gone off, look you ; and there is gallant and most prave

passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man. 94

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out. 104

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 111

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seem dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we

thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard ;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself :
If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this :
We would not seek a battle, as we are ;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it :
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge ; it now draws towards night :
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. *The French camp near Agincourt*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others.*

Con. I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day !

Orl. You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning !

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour ?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of the earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature,"—

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship".

Orl. And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due".

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of the proverb with "A pox of the devil".

Orl. You are the better at proverbs by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot".

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king

of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they would never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

Prologue

Enter Chorus

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their number and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit*

SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.

Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say "Now lie I like a king".

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant,
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise. 76

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now? 81

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three Soldiers JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend. 92

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king? 99

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it does to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 111

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he

be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all "We died at such a place"; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeared there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master

the author of the servant's damnation ; but this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant ; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers : some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance ; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death, they have borne life away ; and where they would be safe, they perish : then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare. 182

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon

his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come! 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove", by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If I ever live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the

king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt*

Scene II. *The French camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÈ

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guidon : to the field ! 60
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt*

Scene III. *The English camp*

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, *with all his host* : Salisbury *and* Worcester

Glou. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge ;
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu ! 10

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-day :
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury*

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day'.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit*

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The field of battle*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French soldier, *and* Boy

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and

thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound". Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field*

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, *and* RAMBURES.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. [*A short alarum*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again.
But he that will not follow Bourbon now, let him go hence.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY *and forces,* EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:

He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign".
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum*
But, hark! what new alarum is the same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's

throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his

cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, *and forces;* WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your

majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your

majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keeps his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my

tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII. *Before* KING HENRY'S *pavilion*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him*

Flu. 'S blood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter? 21

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is taken out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 29

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale,
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald shows him another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung "Non nobis" and "Te Deum";
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. [*Exeunt*

ACT V

Prologue

Enter Chorus

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,

Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him:
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit*

SCENE I. *France. The English camp*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once

again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him*
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*
You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of ques-

tion too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, knave I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit*

Scene II. *France. A royal palace*

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and other* Lords; *at another, the* French King, Queen Isabel, *the* Princess Katharine, Alice *and other* Ladies; *the* Duke of Burgundy, *and his train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, defused attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled : and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed

To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is "like me".

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you": then if you urge me farther than to say "do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my elo-

quence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee. 166

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will teach thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling. What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which hon-

our I dare not swear thou lovest me ; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face : thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better : and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say "Harry of England, I am thine ": which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine" ; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music and thy English broken ; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English ; wilt thou have me ? 228

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur ; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the FRENCH KING, *and his* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, *and other* Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair

French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content: so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! 306
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England : Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit*

NOTES

Act I.—Prologue

A prologue is a sort of introduction or preface to the play proper, just as an epilogue is a speech spoken after the conclusion of the play. Sometimes the person who delivers the prologue is himself spoken of as the prologue; but in the case of *King Henry V.* the speaker is called the **chorus.** The name "chorus" was originally applied to the group of men and women who sang to the accompaniment of the dance in the intervals between the acts of a Greek play. But the name came to be applied also to the single speaker who delivers a prologue.

In *King Henry V.* Act I is preceded by a prologue which serves as an introduction to the play as a whole; and each of the remaining Acts is also preceded by a prologue which relates to the following Act only. In *King Henry V.* the purpose of the prologue is partly to explain the difficulties which the actors have met with in representing the action on the stage, and partly to supply information which enables the audience to follow the development of the story; but its chief purpose is to stir the imagination of the audience by vivid word pictures and to appeal to their feelings as patriotic Englishmen who are proud of the great deeds of their ancestors. The prologues are not absolutely essential to the development of the plot, but they are highly poetical and imaginative and they add greatly to our enjoyment of the play.

1-2. The poet wishes to be so inspired that his imagination will create the most exalted scenes.

4. **swelling.** Grand, magnificent.

6. **Assume the port of Mars.** Assume the bearing of Mars the god of war.

9. **flat unraised spirits.** Dull uninspired state of mind.

10. **scaffold.** Stage.

11. cockpit. The pit of the theatre, as insignificant in size as the space where a cockfight is held.

12. vasty. Vast.

13. this wooden O. The Globe theatre, circular in form.

13-4. casques That did affright the air. Helmets that looked so terrible.

15-6. A half dozen ciphers (crooked figures) placed after the figure 1 do not take up much space, but they represent a million.

17. us. The actors.

17-8. Although we (the actors) are ourselves insignificant figures (ciphers) in comparison with the total reckoning (accompt) of Henry's forces, let us work upon your imagination.

23. Let your imagination add to (piece out) what is imperfect.

25. Create by your imagination, mighty forces (i.e. a mighty expedition).

31. into an hour-glass. Into an hour's time, or the time taken to act the play, as measured by the hour-glass.

Scene I.

When *Henry V.* was first put upon the stage, the audience were already familiar with *Henry IV.*, Parts I. and II. They had seen Henry V. as Prince Hal with his riotous companions, and they had witnessed the reformation of the Prince when he became king. This reformation was so sudden and so dramatic that it appealed strongly to the imagination of the audience. Under these circumstances it is appropriate that the play of *King Henry V.* should open with a discussion of the character of the king and a reference to his reformation. But the eulogy of the king has another purpose. He is the only great character in the play, and he occupies the centre of the stage throughout the entire action. Take the king out of the play and there is nothing left. It is therefore in the highest degree necessary that at the outset the dramatist should present to the audience a full-length portrait of the king as he is.

But besides the portrayal of the character of the king, the opening scene serves another purpose. It informs the audience that an important question is under consideration,—the justice of the claims of the king of England to the crown of France. It is upon the furtherance of this claim that the whole action of the play depends.

The Archbishop of Canterbury. Henry Chichele, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1414.

The Bishop of Ely. John Fordham, who became bishop of Ely in 1388.

1. **that self bill.** The self-same bill.

2. **the eleventh year.** The year 1410; Henry IV. came to the throne in 1399.

3. **was like, etc.** Was likely to pass, and would indeed have passed.

4. **scambling.** Turbulent, disordered. The word is probably a variant of *scrambling*.

5. Prevented further discussion of it.

9. **temporal.** As opposed to spiritual. Lands not used for religious purposes.

15. **lazars.** People afflicted with loathsome diseases. Derived from *Lazarus*, the name of the beggar who was laid at the rich man's gate "full of sores". See *Luke* XVI., 19-21.

22. **grace and fair regard.** Goodness and kind consideration for us.

26. **mortified.** Subdued, extinguished.

28. **Consideration.** Discretion.

34. **heady currance.** Impetuous rush, like a sweeping current.

35. **Hydra-headed wilfulness.** Wayward conduct which showed itself in many different forms. In Greek myth the hydra was a dragon with nine heads. When one head was cut off, two others at once grew in its place. The hydra was at length slain by Hercules.

36. **his seat.** Its place in the king's mind. "His" is the older possessive of *it*. In Shakespeare's time the word *its* was just beginning to come into use, and is found only a few times in Shakespeare's plays.

and all at once. And so suddenly.

43. **List.** Listen to.

45. **cause of policy.** Question of statesmanship.

46. **Gordian knot.** The difficulty which seems impossible to solve. Gordius, King of Phrygia formed a knot which no one could unloose; and according to the oracle whoever untied it should rule over Asia. Alexander the Great cut the knot with his sword, and claimed that he had fulfilled the oracle.

48. **a charter'd libertine.** One who has unquestioned freedom. "Chartered" because its right to freedom is established.

49. When men hear him speak they are silent (mute) with wonder.

51-4. His theories are the result of, or controlled by, his practical experience; and it is a wonder how he can have gained this practical knowledge since he was given over (addicted) to frivolous courses of conduct.

58. **sequestration.** Seclusion for the purposes of study or meditation.

59. **popularity.** Association with common people.

63. **obscured his contemplation.** Concealed his serious thoughts.

64. **which.** His powers of contemplation.

66. **crescive in his faculty.** With a nature capable of growth (crescive). **his.** its.

68-9. We must acknowledge that there are definite causes for improvement, and that it is not the result of a miracle.

70. How can we make the terms of this bill more moderate?

73. **swaying more upon our part.** Inclined to lean more to our side.

74. **cherishing the exhibiters.** Encouraging those who have introduced the bill.

76. As a result of the assembly of the clergy. A "spiritual convocation" is a sort of ecclesiastical parliament.

77-8. Concerning matters now under consideration, which I have fully set forth to the king.

79. **touching.** Relating to.

81. **withal.** Used instead of *with* at the close of the sentence.

86. **severals.** Particulars.

unhidden passages. The clear (unhidden) passage or descent of his titles from one generation to the other.

88. **seat.** Throne.

89. **Edward.** Edward III., (1327-1377).

95. **embassy.** Mission as ambassador.

SCENE II.

Scene II. is devoted wholly to the justification of the king's claim to the crown of France; for without an assurance that the claim was just and that the expedition was warranted, the audience would have no sympathy with it. At the close of the previous scene the Archbishop of Canterbury had already given assurance that the expedition had the sanction of the church. Now he proceeds to make clear to the King that he has a just legal claim to the crown of France; and in order to enlist the sympathies of the audience and stimulate their patriotic fervor still further, the dramatist concludes the scene with the interview with the French ambassador who has brought from the Dauphin a contemptuous and insulting reply to the king's demands. Throughout the Act the dramatist has taken pains to give prominence to the admirable personal qualities of the king, especially his unwillingness to plunge into an unjust war, and his prudence in guarding against the Scots.

The Duke of Exeter. John Beaufort a half brother of Henry IV., and hence uncle to Henry V. He was not created Duke of Exeter until after the battle of Agincourt, and at the time when the play opens he was known as the Earl of Dorset. Throughout the play he acts as ambassador to the English king.

The Earl of Westmoreland is Ralph Neville, who was by marriage an uncle of Henry V., having married the sister of the Duke of Exeter.

The King is accompanied by his younger brothers, the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Gloucester, and also by the Earl of Warwick. They do not, however, take any part in the scene.

John, Duke of Bedford, was known as Prince John of Lancaster in *Henry IV., Parts I. and II.* He was appointed lieutenant of England during the King's absence in France, and during the reign of Henry VI. he was Regent of France. He was not present at the battle of Agincourt.

Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, commanded one of the three divisions of the army at Agincourt, and was Protector of England during the minority of Henry VI. In the play it is the Duke of Gloucester who directs the siege of Harfleur. (See Act III., Scene II.).

The Earl of Warwick was taken ill after the siege of Harfleur, and returned to England. He was present at the treaty of Troyes as represented in Act V., Sc. II.; but he was not present at Agincourt.

4. **resolved.** Informed.

6. **task our thoughts.** Give us cause for serious thought.

9-12. See Historical Background, p. xviii.

12. **Or . . . or.** Either . . . or.

14. That you should wrongfully shape, twist, or alter your interpretation (reading).

15. Lay blame upon your soul by making fine (nice) distinctions which you know to be unjust.

16-7. By presenting claims which are wrongfully invented, and which in their real character (native colours) are not in accordance with the truth.

21. **impawn our person.** Pledge me to a course of action.

28. **brief mortality.** Life, which is so short.

29. **conjuration.** Solemn charge.

40. **glose.** Interpret.

42. **female bar.** Exclusion of females from the throne.

45. **floods.** Rivers,

Sala. Saale, a tributary of the Elbe.

50. **to wit.** That is to say.

53. **Meisen.** Meissen, a town in Saxony, near Dresden.

56-64. There is an evident contradiction here.

58. **defunction.** Death.

59. **Idly.** Erroneously, because proper inquiry has not been made.

65. **which.** Used for persons as well as for things in Shakespeare's time.

66. **heir general.** Heir-at-law, no matter how descended.

72. **To find.** To furnish.

74. **Convey'd himself.** Passed himself off.

82. **lineal of.** Descended in a direct line from.

88. **Lewis his satisfaction.** Lewis's satisfaction. The sign of the possessive was at one time believed by unlettered people to be an abbreviation of the word *his*, and *his* was sometimes substituted for it, as here.

91. **Howbeit.** Although.

93. **hide them in a net.** Hide themselves in a network, or maze, of intricate arguments.

94. **amply to imbar.** Fully to defend, or "bar in". Some editions read *imbare*, that is, "to lay bare".

98. See *Numbers xxvii, 8.*

103. **great-grand sire.** Edward III.

107. **defeat.** Havoc, ruin.

108. **Whiles.** The adverbial genitive of *while.*

110. **Forage.** Spread ruin, like a robber or freebooter who forages for plunder.

111. **entertain.** Engage in combat.

114. **cold for action.** Cold for lack of action.

116. **puissant.** Powerful.

118. **renowned them.** Brought them renown.

125-6. "Your grace" and "your highness" both refer to the King. They know that you have cause and means and might; and so you have. Stress the word "hath".

128-9. In imagination they are already in their tents (pavilions) in France, although in reality they are still here.

132. **the spirituality.** The clergy.

137. **lay down our proportions.** Calculate what proportion of our forces we must leave behind.

138. **road.** Inroad.

139. **With all advantages.** Having everything in his favour during our absence.

140. **marches.** Borders.

143. **the coursing snatchers.** Roving marauders.

144. **main intendment.** General intention or purpose.

145. **still.** Always.

giddy. Uncertain, untrustworthy.

148. **unfurnish'd.** Undefended, unprovided with soldiers.

149. **breach.** In the sea-wall.

150. With his force sufficient and full to overflowing. "Brim" is an adjective.

151. Harassing with fierce attacks the land left without defenders; "gleaned" of its soldiers.

152. **Girding.** Surrounding.

156. **exampled.** Listen to the example which she herself has set.

160. Taken and put into pound as a stray animal.

161. **The King of Scots.** David Bruce, taken prisoner at Neville's Cross in 1346, during the absence of Edward III. in France.

163. **chronicle.** History.

164. **ooze.** Slimy mud.

165. **sumless treasuries.** Wealth beyond measure.

169. For if ever the English eagle goes in search of prey.

173. **havoc.** Ruin, destroy.

175. **a crush'd necessity.** A necessity that gives way to the following reasons.

179. **advised.** Heedful, prudent.

180-3. The different parts of the government, King, Lords, and Commons, work in harmony (consent) like music where the different voices or instruments agree (congree) in a full and natural cadence.

183-7. Heaven apportions to men different duties, and spurs them on to continual effort, but the aim or purpose of all is obedience to the commonwealth.

188-9. Creatures that, by showing how government is carried on in nature, teach men how to establish law and order in their kingdoms.

197. **in his majesty.** In his duties as king.

203. **executors.** Executioners.

205-6. Many things may work in different ways and still have one purpose.

212-3. **well borne without defeat.** Well carried out without failure.

220. **The name of hardiness and policy.** Endurance and wisdom in government.

223. Your help, the forces (sinews) upon which our power depends.

224. **to our awe.** To make it stand in awe of us.

226. **empery.** Empire, power.

232. **Turkish mute.** The Turks employed "mutes", that is, deaf and dumb persons, in positions where secrecy was required.

233. **worshipped.** Honoured.

a waxen epitaph. Papers eulogizing the dead were sometimes attached to monuments, or effigies, with wax.

235. **Dauphin.** Louis, the son of King Charles VI. of France. The title of "Dauphin" given to the eldest son of the French king, corresponds to our title of Prince of Wales. The name "Dauphin" was the title originally borne by the lords of Dauphiny, which became a province of France. The word is derived from the Latin *delphinus*, a dolphin, because the dolphin appeared in the crest of the lords of Dauphiny.

240. **embassy.** Message.

245. **in few.** In a few words.

250. You still have too much of the frivolity of youth.

252. **galliard.** A lively dance.

255. **tun.** Barrel.

in lieu of. In return for.

259. **pleasant.** Witty, facetious.

261-6. **rackets, balls, set, hazard, courts, chaces.** Terms used in the game of tennis.

A *set* is the number of games played until one player has won six. There cannot, of course, be fewer than six nor more than eleven games in a set.

The *hazard* is the half of the court into which the ball at any particular time is being served. There is a play on the word as used here.

chaces. The lines that separated the different divisions of the tennis courts.

267. **comes o'er us.** Taunts us.

271. **barbarous license.** Coarse pleasures.

273. **state.** Kingly condition.

274. **show my sail.** Make a display.

277. **for working-days.** During working-days.

282. **gun-stones.** Cannon balls were formerly made of stone.

283. **sore charged.** Bearing a heavy load of guilt.

wasteful. Causing destruction.

300. **omit no happy hour.** Take advantage of every favorable occasion.

304. **proportions.** See l. 137 above.

306. **reasonable swiftness.** Speed without the sacrifice of safety.

307. **God before.** God going before, i.e., God helping us.

Analysis of Act I.

The first Act of any play should introduce to the audience most of the chief characters of the play, and should lay the foundation of the plot. Act I. of *Henry V.* is wholly devoted to the presentation of the claim of King Henry V. to the crown of France, upon which the whole action depends. There is no humorous element in these two scenes, and on the whole they are inclined to be dull and heavy. The Archbishop's exposition of the claims of the English King is taken almost directly from Holinshed and is especially long and tedious. But on the other hand, Act I. gives an opportunity for the display of gorgeous costumes, and there is sufficient ceremony in these two scenes to hold the interest. A Shakespearean audience

would, no doubt, be interested in the claims of the English to the crown of France, since it appealed to their patriotism as Englishmen. Henry V. was, moreover, himself a favorite with them, because of the part he played in *King Henry IV., Parts I. and II.* Besides this, the incident contained in the latter part of the second scene,—the insult of the Dauphin, and Henry's spirited reply to it, was such as to challenge their interest. Of the characters who take part in Act I., Canterbury and Ely do not appear again, but Exeter and Westmoreland are familiar figures in the later scenes of the play.

Questions on Act I.

1. Do you think that the Prologue spoken by the Chorus is of any real dramatic value as an introduction to the play? What purpose does it serve?

2. "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts." Mention at least three "imperfections" of which the Chorus speaks.

3. What special reasons does Canterbury give in Scene I. for urging the King to undertake the war against France?

4. In what way does Ely in Scene I., and the King himself in Scene II. seek to make excuse for the wildness of the King's youth?

5. Canterbury puts forward three distinct arguments as to why the Salique law should not bar the claim of King Henry to the throne of France. State these arguments.

6. Ely, Exeter, Westmoreland, and Canterbury, each add a further reason why Henry should urge his claim. State these reasons.

7. The anticipated invasion of the Scots does not take place and is not referred to again in the play. Why then is it mentioned at all?

8. Judging from the speeches of King Henry what are his real reasons for undertaking the war?

9. How does he attempt to clear his conscience in view of the untold misery which will result from the war?

10. From a twentieth century point of view do you think that the expedition against France was justifiable?

ACT II.—PROLOGUE

The Prologue to Act II. suggests to the audience something of the stir and bustle incident to the preparation for the expedition to France, and tells of the consternation of the French at the prospect of invasion. It prepares the audience for the scene in which the treason of the conspirators is discovered, and makes such explanation as will enable the audience to follow the change of scene from London to Southampton and to fill in the intervals of time between the different stages in the action.

2. **silken dalliance.** Silken garments suitable for idle moments.

6. Following the example of King Henry who reflects the virtues of all Christian kings.

7. Mercury was the messenger of the gods, and is represented as having wings on his heels.

10. **crowns imperial.** The crowns of emperors.

12. **intelligence.** Information.

14. **pale policy.** Because of their fear, which makes them pale, they have resort to cunning schemes.

16. Of miniature size, like a model or pattern, as compared with thy real greatness.

18. **would thee do.** Would have thee do, would prompt you to do.

19. **kind.** Filial, having the feelings of *kin*-ship.

22. **treacherous crowns.** Money in payment for their treason.

23-5. **Richard, Earl of Cambridge.** Edmund, fifth son of Edward III. had two sons, both of whom appear in this play. The elder son was the Duke of York who led the vanguard at Agincourt (Act IV., Sc. 3.) and was killed in the battle (Act IV., Sc. 6.). The younger, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, married Anne Mortimer the sister of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. Edmund Mortimer was descended in direct line from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III., and had thus a stronger claim to the throne than Henry V.; and in case Edmund Mortimer died without issue, his nephew, the son of

the Earl of Cambridge, would be next in line of descent. The Earl of Cambridge had therefore a direct interest in supporting the claims of Edmund Mortimer to the crown and in forming a conspiracy against Henry V. His grandson later became Edward IV.

Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, had been the bosom friend of Henry V. before he became king, and they are said to have shared the same bed. His uncle Scroop (or Scrope), the Archbishop of York, had been put to death by Henry IV., and on account of this he, no doubt, cherished a secret resentment against the King. The Earl of Cambridge, with whom he was connected through marriage, is said to have persuaded him to join the conspiracy.

Thomas Grey of Northumberland was presumably a friend of the Percies, the Duke of Northumberland and his son Hotspur, who had rebelled against Henry IV.

26. **gilt.** Gold.

28. **this grace of kings.** One who combines in himself all the good qualities of kings.

31. **Linger.** Prolong. Cause it to linger.

31-2. **digest the abuse of distance.** Arrange it so that you will not be deceived by the distance between the scenes of action. "Digest" here means to arrange or plan. "Abuse" has the sense of illusion or deception.

32. **force a play.** Bring events that are separated in time and place together so as to form a play.

34. **is set.** Has set out.

38. **charming.** As if by magic.

pass. Passage.

40. **offend one stomach.** There is a double meaning here. We will not make you sea-sick, and we will not offend your tastes.

41. Either change the first *till* to *when*, or else supply a clause, as, for instance, "But till the King come forth, we remain in London."

SCENE I.

Three of the characters in this scene, Bardolph, Pistol, and the Hostess, have already appeared in *King Henry IV.*, and

when they reappear in this play they are old favourites. Nym, however, appears for the first time, and his character is a source of added humour. There is little incident in this scene, and the interest lies chiefly in bluster and swagger of these three cowards, none of whom really wishes to fight. In the course of the scene there is an echo of the dramatic situation in *Henry IV. Part II.*, in which the King disowned Falstaff and "ran bad humours on the knight."

1. **well met.** Glad to meet you.

3. **Ancient.** Ensign, standard-bearer.

5. **smiles.** Is Nym ironical, or does he mean that he will smile when he has beaten Pistol?

6. **wink.** Shut my eyes.

7. **iron.** Sword.

11. **sworn brothers.** In the days of chivalry, men who bound themselves to support each other in battle were known as "fratres jurati", or "sworn brothers".

15. **my rest.** My last word, my resolve. The figure is taken from card-playing. "To set up one's rest" was to stake one's all.

rendezvous. Nym uses words without knowing their meaning.

18. **troth-plight.** Betrothed.

22-3. **though patience . . . plod.** Nym here says that his patience will hold out a little longer. But apparently he intends to give the impression that his patience is near its end.

27. **tike.** Cur.

32-3. **offer nothing here.** Offer no blows; do not begin fighting here.

35. **Iceland dog.** Iceland dogs were small dogs with pointed ears, (prick-ear'd), used as lap-dogs.

39. **shog.** Jog.

solus. Alone.

40. **egregious.** In the highest degree.

41. **mervailous.** Marvellous.

43. **maw.** Stomach.

perdy. A mild oath. Fr. *par Dieu.*

46. **I can take.** Either "take your meaning", or "take fire". In this line and the next there is a reference to the name "Pistol".

48. Pistol's rant reminds Nym of the language used by conjurers. **Barbason.** A devil's name used in conjuring.

50. **grow foul, scour.** A further reference to the name "Pistol".

51-2. **that's the humour of it.** That's all there is to it.

54. **doting death.** Pistol's phrases do not always make sense. He uses "doting" because of the sound of the word.

55. **exhale.** Pistol may mean "exhale your breath", that is, "die"; or perhaps he is using the word wrongly to mean, "draw your sword".

61. **tall.** Valiant.

64. **"Couple a gorge".** "Coupe la gorge",—cut the throat.

66. **hound of Crete.** The phrase has no special meaning.

67. **the quondam Quickly.** The former Mrs. Quickly.

68. **pauca.** In brief.

69. **Go to.** An expression of contempt.

70. **my master.** Sir John Falstaff, who is an important character in *Henry IV., Parts I and II.* He is represented as one of the dissolute companions of Prince Hal. He is the most humorous of Shakespeare's characters and naturally a great favourite with the audience.

72-3. Bardolph's red face is the subject of jest throughout the play.

75. **yield the crow a pudding.** Die and be food for crows.

76. **The king has killed his heart.** When Henry became king he renounced his former dissolute companions and publicly rebuked Falstaff for his way of living. See *Henry IV., Part II.*, Act V., Scene 5.

77. **presently.** At once.

86. **compound.** Settle it.

96. **noble.** Worth 6s., 8d.

99. **live by Nym.** There is a pun here. To "nim" or "nym" meant to steal.

100. **sutler.** One who sells provisions to the army.

108. **quotidian tertian.** A mixture of terms. In a "quotidian" fever the attacks recur every day; in a "tertian" they recur every third day.

110. **run bad humours.** Vented his displeasure.

113. **fracted.** Broken.

corroborate. Another high-sounding word which Pistol uses wrongly.

115. **passes some humours and careers.** Indulges in some caprices and mad pranks. "To pass a career" was to gallop a horse up and down.

116. **condole.** Sympathize with.

Scene II.

This scene is devoted entirely to the exposure and punishment of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, who for different personal reasons had formed a conspiracy against the king. The scene is, strictly speaking, not necessary to the development of the main plot of the play. But King Henry does not appear elsewhere in Act II. and through the medium of this scene the audience are given a further glimpse of the King and are assured of his warlike preparations before he sets out for France. The exposure of the conspiracy has the effect of inspiring confidence in the King and is a good omen of success.

8. Lord Scroop, who, according to Holinshed, was a trusted companion of Henry.

15. **powers.** Forces, troops.

18. **in head.** As an army.

22. **consent.** Harmony, agreement.

30. Have changed their bitter enmity to friendship.

31. **create.** Created, made up of.

33. **office.** Use.

34. **quittance.** Reward.

35. According to the quality and value of the service rendered.

36. Those that serve you shall toil with their utmost strength.

40. **Enlarge.** Set free.

43. **on his more advice.** Now that he has had time to think it over.

44. **security.** Trustfulness, over-confidence.

46. **by his sufferance.** By permitting him to go unpunished.

51. After the experience of much punishment.

53. **orisons.** Prayers, supplications.

54. **proceeding on distemper.** Arising from his disordered condition, i.e., his drunkenness.

55. **stretch our eye.** Open wide our eyes.

56. **chew'd, swallow'd and digested.** Planned with deliberation and accepted after full consideration.

61. **late commissioners.** Lately appointed as commissioners to rule England during the king's absence in France.

63. **ask for it.** For my commission.

73. **complexion.** Colour.

74. **paper.** As white as paper.

75-6. That has filled your blood with fear and chased it out of sight.

79. **quick.** Alive.

82. **your own reasons.** As given above in ll. 44–51.

86. **apt.** Ready.

87. **appertinents belonging to his honour.** Things pertaining to his rank.

90. **practices.** Cunning designs.

91. **Hampton.** Southampton.

92. **for bounty bound to us.** Indebted to us for favours.

99. Would you have deceived me for your own advantage?

102. **annoy.** Hurt.

103. **stands off.** Stands out.

107-8. Treason and murder worked together so plainly in crime, which was natural to them, that no one ever uttered an exclamation of wonder.

admiration. In the literal sense of "wonder".

hoop. Whoop, exclaim in surprise.

109. **'gainst all proportion.** Beyond the bounds of what was becoming to you.

109-10. **didst bring in . . . murder.** Planned treason and murder so unnatural that men could not but wonder.

112. **preposterously.** Unnaturally.

113. **voice.** Approval.

115-7. Try to hide the true nature of their crime by patching it up, hiding it under pretexts (colours), and by pretending to present it under the pleasing form of a pious deed.

botch and bungle up. Change its appearance.

glistering semblances. Pleasing shows or pretences.

118. He that fashioned your mind, bade you commit your crime boldly without hiding behind any pretext.

119. **instance.** Cause to urge you.

122. **lion gait.** In scripture, the devil is spoken of as a roaring lion.

123. **Tartar.** Tartarus, the lower world.

126. **jealousy.** Suspicion.

127. **affiance.** Trust, confidence.

133. **Constant.** Self-possessed.

swerving with the blood. Carried away by the passions.

134. Adorned with a modest exterior, which is complementary to the qualities of mind.

136. **but in purged judgment.** Except (but) when his judgment is freed (purged) from prejudice.

137. **bolted.** Sifted, as fine flour.

139-40. To mark with some suspicion the man who is most gifted and best endowed.

143. To answer for their crimes as required by the law.

144. **acquit them.** Pardon them.

156. **admit it as a motive.** Accept it as a means.

157. **what I intended.** To put Mortimer, the Earl of March, on the throne.

159. **in sufferance.** In suffering punishment.

rejoice. Rejoice at.

169. **earnest.** Money paid beforehand as a pledge of good faith.

175. **tender.** Hold dear, cherish.

181. **dear offences.** Grievous wrongdoing.

188. **rub.** Obstacle,—a metaphor taken from the game of bowls.

191. Putting it straightway into action.

192. **the signs of war advance.** Raise (advance) the standards.

SCENE III.

In this short scene the chief interest lies in the half-pathetic, half-humorous references to the death of Falstaff. The account of Falstaff's last moments as described by the hostess is one of the finest examples of dramatic art in Shakespeare. Following the death of Falstaff, Pistol and his companions set out for France, "like horse-leeches, my boys, To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!" And whether by accident or design on the part of the dramatist this farewell speech of Pistol is delivered while the audience have still ringing in their ears the inspiring words of the king in the closing speech of the previous scene:

"Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.....
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England if not king of France."

1-2. **bring thee to Staines.** Accompany thee as far as Staines,—some twenty miles from London on the road to Southampton.

3. **yearn.** Grieve.

4. **veins.** Spirits.

9-10. **Arthur's bosom.** She probably means "Abraham's bosom".

11. **christom.** A corruption of "chrisom". A "chrisom" child was one who died shortly after baptism and was wrapped in a chrisom cloth, that is a cloth sprinkled with chrism, or consecrated oil, at the child's baptism.

13. **at the turning o' the tide.** It was commonly believed that people were more likely to die at the turn of the tide than at any other time.

16. **a' babbled of green fields.** It is not certain that Shakespeare wrote these words. But the original text read "A Table of green fields", which made no sense; and the suggested reading, "a' babbled of green fields" has been generally accepted as a happy emendation.

26. **of sack.** Against sack.

31. **the fuel.** The sack.

36. **chattels.** Goods.

37. **Let senses rule.** Watch out. Trust your eyes and your ears.

"Pitch and Pay". A proverbial expression of uncertain origin, meaning "Pay spot cash".

39. **faiths.** Promises to pay.

wafer cakes. Thin and easily broken.

40. A reference to the proverb, "Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better".

41. **Caveto.** Caution; literally, "Be cautious".

42. **crystals.** Probably a slang word for "eyes".

50. **housewifery.** Thrift, economy.

keep close. Pay close attention to business.

Scene IV.

In the course of the play the dramatist attempts to heighten the interest of the audience in the English expedition, by showing the opposition which the English have to overcome in the superior forces of the French, and by making the most of the personal quarrel between Henry and the Dauphin. In this scene we learn that the French are strengthening to the utmost their defences in order to meet the English,—and the quarrel between the Dauphin and King Henry is brought into special prominence by the spirited message of Exeter, the English Ambassador, at the close of the scene.

The French King. Charles VI., who was king of France from 1380 to 1422. He was insane during the greater part of his reign.

The Dauphin. See Note on Act I., Scene II., l. 235.

The Constable. In mediaeval France the Constable was the first officer of the king and commander of the French armies. The Constable who appears in this play was Charles d'Albret, who led the French armies and was killed at Agincourt. Shakespeare, following Holinshed, calls him Charles Delabreth. See Act III., Sc. V., l. 37, and Act IV., Scene VIII., l. 86.

6. **line.** Strengthen.

7. **defendant.** Defensive.

10. **gulf.** Whirlpool.

11-4. It befits us then to make provision as fully as our fear should teach us to do and as a result of the recent destruction wrought on our fields by these deadly English, against whom we neglected to defend ourselves.

14. **redoubted.** Valiant.

18. **But that.** But it is meet that.

25. **a Whitsun morris-dance.** Whitsunday (literally White Sunday) is the seventh Sunday after Easter. The Monday following is a general holiday, and was formerly celebrated by a morris (or Moorish) dance, with performers dressed in costume.

27. She is ruled in such a whimsical fashion. The sceptre is the staff or baton borne by the king as a symbol of his power.

28. **humorous.** Capricious.

32. **state.** Dignity.

34. **in exception.** In making objections.

35. **constant resolution.** Unshaken determination.

36. **his vanities forespent.** His past frivolities.

37. **the Roman Brutus.** Lucius Junius Brutus who helped to drive the Tarquin kings out of Rome. In order to escape being put to death by the Tarquins he pretended to be an idiot.

39. **ordure.** Manure.

45. The requirements for defence are fully supplied.

47. Which when planned, (projected) in a stingy fashion may be compared to the coat of a miser which has been spoiled by using too little cloth. The construction of the sentence is confused, but the meaning is clear.

48. **Think we.** Let us think.

50. **flesh'd.** Fed with our flesh. The metaphor is taken from the training of hounds and hawks for hunting, by feeding them on pieces of flesh.

51. **strain.** Race.

52. Attacked us in our own country.

54-62. Early in his reign Edward III. was forced into a war with France and in 1346 a battle was fought at Crécy, in which the French were utterly routed. Edward is said to have watched the struggle from a windmill on a high point of ground overlooking the field of battle. His son Edward, the Black Prince, then a boy of sixteen, commanded one of the two main divisions of the English army. At one stage in the battle the forces of the Black Prince were hard pressed and in danger of defeat; but the king refused to send him aid. "Return to those that sent you", he said to the envoy, "and bid them not send to me again so long as my son lives! Let the boy win his spurs".

55. **captived.** Taken captive.

57. **mountain sire.** Mighty father.

64. **the native mightiness.** The inborn force derived from his ancestry.

fate of him. The destiny that awaits him.

67. **present.** Immediate.

68. **Turn head.** Turn at bay.

69. **spend their mouths.** Bark, give tongue.

72. **take up the English short.** Be curt with them; check them abruptly.

78. **divest yourself.** Put off, lay aside.

80. **long.** Belong.

83. **the ordinance of times.** What has been ordained in times past.

85. sinister literally means "left-handed", and the words *sinister* and *awkward* are used here with much the same meaning,—unfair, distorted.

86-7. Picked from worm-eaten documents or raked out from dusty relics of the forgotten past.

88. **memorable line.** Family tree to remind you.

89. **demonstrative.** Demonstrating his title.

90. **willing you overlook.** Wishing you to look over.

91. **evenly derived.** Directly descended.

94. **indirectly.** Wrongfully.

95. **the native and true challenger.** The natural and true claimant.

97. **constraint.** Force.

100. **a Jove.** Jupiter, who wielded the thunderbolts.

102. **the bowels of the Lord.** God's mercy. The bowels were considered the seat of mercy.

105-6. **and on your head turning, etc.** Laying the responsibility on your heads. The grammatical structure of the sentence is faulty.

109. **shall be swallowed.** Shall perish.

120. **an if.** If.

121. By granting all demands in full.

124. **womby vaultages.** Hollow vaults.

126. **second accent of his ordinance.** The echo of his cannon. "Ordinance", is usually spelt *ordnance*.

129. **odds.** Quarrel.

132. **Louvre.** For many centuries occupied as a royal palace; now used as an art gallery.

133. **mistress-court.** Chief court.

136. **greener.** Younger.

137. **masters.** Controls, is master of.

143. **is footed.** Has set foot.

144. **fair conditions.** A fair offer.

145. **small breath.** Short breathing-space.

Analysis of Act II.

Act I. laid the foundation of the plot of the play. Act II. contains the first stage of its development. The English army crosses to France, and Exeter, the English ambassador makes formal demand of the French king to "resign his crown and kingdom". The French make preparations for defence, but the French king promises to make an offer of "fair conditions" to the English king. With this promise the Act is concluded.

Aside from the main action the chief interest in Act II. lies in the exposure of the conspiracy against the King, and the dramatist makes the most of this episode. The scene is heightened by the King's use of irony in addressing the conspirators, by the device by which he leads them to condemn themselves, and by his dramatic method of exposing their guilt and his scathing denunciation of the traitor Lord Scroop. A second source of interest lies in the humour of the tavern scenes and in the references to Falstaff. These glimpses of the seamy side of the expedition, as presented in the tavern scenes, make the story more true to life and at the same time they help to relieve the serious scenes. A minor source of dramatic interest is the further development of the quarrel between the Dauphin and the English king. The personality of the King dominates the whole Act and holds the different scenes together. It is he who has "run bad humours" on Falstaff; it is he who, in person, exposes the conspirators; and it is he with whom the French king and the Dauphin have to reckon.

Questions on Act II.

1. What are the reasons for the ill-will that seems to exist between Nym and Pistol?

2. "The humour of the Hostess lies partly in the fact that she is continually saying the wrong thing." Illustrate this statement.

3. (*a*) What evidences are there in Scene I. that Pistol is a coward at heart?

(*b*) Point out two references in Act II. to the fact that Pistol intends to make his living by thieving.

4. Why is the death of Falstaff given prominence in this play?

5. What were the real reasons why Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, respectively, entered into a conspiracy against King Henry?

6. Can you suggest any reason why the guilt of Scroop is dwelt upon at such length?

7. What devices does the dramatist make use of to make the exposure of the conspiracy and the arrest of the conspirators more dramatic?

8. In what respects would the play suffer if Scene III. were entirely omitted?

9. What reasons do the French King and the Dauphin respectively give for their attitude towards the invasion of the English?

10. What further references are made in Scene IV. to the wildness of King Henry's youth?

Act III.—Prologue

The Prologue to Act III helps to bridge the interval between the Second and Third Acts. We are asked to picture the English fleet, like "a city on the inconstant billows dancing," "holding due course to Harfleur," and to imagine the English ordnance in position awaiting the answer of the French king to the English demands before beginning the attack. The audience is told that the French king's answer is not satisfactory, but the mention of the Princess Katharine in connection with the proposed terms of peace prepares the audience for her appearance later in the play.

1. **imagined wing.** On the wings of imagination.

2. With a speed no less swift.

4. **well-appointed.** Well equipped.

5. **brave.** Fine, splendid.

6. **the young Phoebus.** The early morning sun.

10. **threaden.** Made of threads.

14. **rivage.** Shore.

17. **Harfleur.** A town close to the mouth of the Seine, about six miles from Havre and not far from Rouen.

18. **to sternage.** To the stern; follow the vessels.

27. **girded.** Besieged.

32. **likes not.** Does not please.

33. **linstock.** The staff to which the match or taper was attached which was used to fire the gun.

35. **eke out.** Supply what is deficient.

Scene I.

The first line of the King's speech shows that the attack on Harfleur has already begun. It is unlikely that he would, under these circumstances, actually deliver a speech of this sort to his soldiers; but it is impossible to represent the actual siege on the stage, and this speech is intended to show the spirit of the King in urging his men forward.

7. **the blood.** Courage.

8. **hard-favour'd.** With ugly features.

10. **portage.** Port-hole; the eye-socket.

11. **o'erwhelm.** Overhang.

12. Inspiring as much fear as a rock fretted or worn by the waves, which overhangs and juts out over (jutty) its ruined base over which the wild and wasteful ocean washes (swills).

18. **fet.** Fetched.

of war-proof. Tried in battle.

19. **like so many Alexanders.** Each one resembling Alexander the Great in bravery.

21. **lack of argument.** Lack of work to do, since there were none of the enemy left to fight.

22. **attest.** Give proof, bear witness.

24. **copy.** Example.

of grosser blood. Of coarser natures, with less spirit.

27. **The mettle of your pasture.** The spirit of the country where you were bred.

31. **the slips.** The leash by which hounds were held.

32. **Straining upon the start.** Pulling hard on the leash in their eagerness to start.

33. **Follow your spirit.** Your spirits are already in the fight; let your bodies follow.

upon this charge. In making this charge.

SCENE II.

In this scene we have a passing glimpse of Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph, in the English camp at Harfleur; and with these three cowardly rogues, as described by the old fashioned Boy, there stands out in sharp contrast the over-zealous Fluellen and his companions. Much of the humour of this scene lies in the mixture of dialects, when Gower, Macmorris, Jamy, and Fluellen discuss the way the siege is being carried on. These four men are evidently intended to represent the four nationalities of the soldiers engaged in the war,—English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh.

3. **a case.** A set, as in "a case of pistols".

4. **plain-song.** The straight truth. In music the plain-song was the simple air without variations.

20. **cullions.** Base fellows.

21. **men of mould.** Men of earth.

24. **bawcock.** Fine fellow. (Fr. *beau coq*, fine bird.)

25. **These be good humours!** Nym means the opposite.

28. **swashers.** Braggarts, swaggerers.

30. **antics.** Buffoons.

31. **white-livered.** Cowardly.

32. **faces it out.** Puts on an appearance of bravery.

41. **purchase.** Jestingly applied to their stolen goods which have been acquired (purchased), though not by the payment of money.

45. **carry coals.** Put up with insults. A play on words.

47-8. **makes much against my manhood.** Does not speak well for my courage.

49. **pocketing up of wrongs.** There is a double meaning,—"pocketing stolen goods", and "putting up with insults".

58. **concavities.** He means "depth".

61. **under the countermines.** Fluellen does not say what he really means, for the countermines are dug below the mines. Perhaps there should be a comma after "under".

62. **plow up.** Blow up.

75. **expedition.** Fluellen probably means "experience".

81. **God-den.** Good evening; a contraction of "God give you good even".

83. **pioners.** Sappers.

99. **quit.** Answer; argue with you.

110. **mess.** Mass.

111. **lig.** Lie.

114. **breff.** Short, brief.

115. **question.** Argument.

133. **to be required.** To be had, to be found.

Scene III.

The surrender of Harfleur as announced in Scene III. follows naturally upon the action of Scene I. It is perhaps a question whether the long speech of King Henry is really necessary, unless to prepare us for the surrender. It should be noted that the direction of the King to "use mercy to them all" is not found in the account of the siege given by Holinshed, who reports that "the town was sacked".

2. **the latest parle.** The last parley.

8. **half-achieved.** Half won.

11. **flesh'd.** Having tasted flesh; that is, having shed blood in the fight.

15. **impious.** Wicked.

17-8. Commit with his blackened countenance, all the cruel deeds that are done when a country is laid waste and made desolate.

23. **send precepts to the leviathan.** Send orders to the sea monsters.

28. **O'er blows.** Blows away.

29. **heady.** Headstrong.

37. **Jewry.** The Jewish people. The reference is to "the massacre of the innocents", when Herod slew all the children two years and under, in and about Bethlehem. (See Matthew II., 16-18.)

55. **addrest.** Ready.

Scene IV.

The lesson in French in Scene IV. is, no doubt, introduced chiefly in order to amuse the audience and afford some relief from the serious scenes preceding and following. But it also gives the audience a glimpse of Katharine, who is to play a more important part in a later scene.

The Princess Katharine was not quite fourteen years of age in 1415 when the battle of Agincourt was fought,—and not quite nineteen years of age in 1420 when she was married to Henry V. After the death of Henry she married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman of her household. By her marriage with Henry V. she was the mother of Henry VI., and by her marriage with Owen Tudor she became the mother of Edmund Tudor, the Earl of Richmond, and grandmother of Henry VII.

The translation of the scene is as follows:

Kath. Alice, you have been in England and you speak the language well.

Alice. A little, madame.

Kath. I beg of you, teach me. I must learn to speak. What do you call *la main* in English?

Alice. La main? It is called de hand.

Kath. De hand. And *les doigts?*

Alice. Les doigts? Upon my word I forget *les doigts*, but I shall recollect them. *Les doigts?* I think that they are called de fingres. Yes, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingers. I think that I am a good scholar. I have learned two English words quickly. What do you call *les ongles?*

Alice. Les ongles? We call them de nails.

Kath. De nails. Listen; tell me if I speak well: de hand, de fingres, and de nails.

Alice. Quite right, madame. It is very good English.

Kath. Tell me the English for *le bras.*

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. And *le coude?*

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. I am going to repeat all the words that you have taught me thus far.

Alice. I think it is too hard, madame.

Kath. Excuse me, Alice; listen: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Heavens, I am forgetting: de elbow. What do you call *le col?*

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. And *le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col,* de nick; *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. By your leave, indeed, you pronounce the words as correctly as the native English do.

Kath. I don't doubt that I shall learn, by God's grace, and in a short time.

Alice. Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?

Kath. No. I shall quickly tell you: de hand, de fingres, de mails.

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. By your leave, de elbow.

Kath. Thus then: de elbow, de nick, and de sin. What do you call *le pied* and *la robe?*

Alice. De foot, madame; and de coun.

Kath. De foot and de coun. O Heavens, these are words with a bad, corrupt, coarse, immodest sound, and not for fine ladies to use; I shouldn't like to pronounce these words before the nobles of France for anything. Faugh! le foot and le coun. Nevertheless, I will repeat once more my whole lesson: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame.

Kath. That is enough for once; let us go to dinner.

Scene V.

The fall of Harfleur has had the effect of rousing the French to oppose the English with greater spirit. But they still hold the English in contempt, and their over-confidence adds dramatic interest to the struggle.

John Duke of Bourbon, who appears for the first time in this scene, was uncle of Charles VI. He was taken prisoner at Agincourt (see Act IV., Sc. 8. l. 72), and died in England.

5. **O Dieu vivant.** O living God.

6-8. The figure is taken from the grafting of fruit trees. "Scions" are cuttings or twigs used in grafting.

overlook. Look down upon.

9. **bastard.** Base-born.

10. **Mort de ma vie.** Literally, "death of my life"; that is, "May I die".

11. **but.** If not; that is, "May I die, if I do not sell", etc.

12. **slobbery.** Wet, muddy.

13. **nook-shotten.** Shot, or filled, with nooks and corners.

14. **Dieu de batailles.** God of battles.

17-8. **sodden water, barley broth.** The Constable's way of describing beer.

17. **sodden.** Participle of "seethe", to boil.

18. **drench.** Medicine.

sur-rein'd jades. Over-ridden horses.

19. **Decoct.** Warm.

22. **roping.** Hanging down like ropes.

25. Though our fields are rich in fertility, yet their native-born owners are lacking in spirit.

30. **lavoltas, corantos.** Lively dances.

33. **Montjoy, the herald.** It is interesting to note that when Shakespeare wrote Henry V. he was lodging at the corner of Monkwell and Silver Sts., London, with a French family named Mountjoy.

44. **quit you.** Free yourselves.

47-9. In contrast to the Alps, the valleys are like vassals compared with their lords.

56. **the sink of fear.** The lowest depths of fear.

57. **for achievement.** In place of achieving a victory over us.

Scene VI.

In Scene VI., the fiery valiant Fluellen and the cowardly bragging Pistol come into conflict over the punishment that has been meted out to Bardolph, and Fluellen has the satisfaction of having the approval, first of Gower, and afterwards of the King himself, in support of "the disciplines of war". Aside from the report of the success of the Duke of Exeter in maintaining the bridge against the French, the chief point of interest in the scene as a whole is the interview between King Henry and the French herald. In order to heighten still further the interest of the audience in the approaching battle, the dramatist increases the odds against the English by representing the English forces as weakened by sickness. A battle in which the English are able to wrest a victory from the enemy against overpowering odds must add immeasurably to the glory of the English king.

1-2. **the bridge.** The bridge over the river Ternoise at Blangy.

6-7. **Agamemnon.** The Greek king who laid siege to the city of Troy in the Trojan war.

12. **aunchient lieutenant.** Ensign lieutenant. Fluellen combines the two titles.

13. **Mark Antony.** One of the Triumvirs who ruled the Roman Empire after the death of Julius Caesar.

25. **buxom.** Vigorous.

30. **muffler.** A handkerchief, formerly used to cover the lower part of the face.

37. **is an excellent moral.** Presents an excellent moral lesson.

39. **pax.** A tablet or plaque containing a representation of the crucifixion.

46. **vital thread.** The thread of life spun by the Fates.

56. **figo.** Fig. The Spanish form of the word.

58. **fig of Spain.** The expression was accompanied by a coarse gesture of contempt.

69. **perfect in.** Well versed in, familiar with.

71. **sconce.** A defensive shelter.

73. **stood on.** Insisted on, demanded.

75. **new-tuned.** Newly coined.

76. **horrid.** Showing evidences of hard usage.

84. **from the pridge.** As having come from the bridge.

100. **bubukles.** Carbuncles.

101. **whelks.** Boils, pimples.

112. **habit.** Herald's coat.

118-19. **advantage .... rashness.** It is better to wait for a favorable opportunity, then to attack the enemy rashly.

122. **upon our cue.** When the proper moment has come. On the stage the last words of one speaker are the "cue" which reminds the next speaker that it is his turn to speak.

124. **admire our sufferance.** Wonder at our tolerating him.

125. **proportion.** Be in proportion to.

127. **digested.** Put up with.

which in weight .... under. To compensate us fully would exhaust his petty resources.

135. **office.** The duty I have to perform.

136. **quality.** Function as herald.

141. **impeachment.** Hindrance.

143. **of craft and vantage.** Cunning, and with everything in his favour.

158. **advise himself.** Consider.

SCENE VII.

This scene is intended to show not only the shallowness but also at the same time the over-confidence of the French leaders. This increases the contempt of the audience for them and adds to the feeling of triumph at their ignominious defeat.

The Duke of Orleans appears for the first time in this scene. He was a nephew of the French king, Charles VI. He married

his cousin Isabel, daughter of Charles VI. and widow of Richard II. of England. He was taken prisoner at Agincourt and was ransomed only after twenty five years' captivity. While in prison in England he composed many poems, which were much admired.

12. **pasterns.** Here, feet. The pastern is the part of the leg just above the hoof.

13-4. **as if his entrails were hairs.** Like a ball stuffed with hair.

14. **le cheval, etc.** The flying horse, Pegasus, with fiery nostrils.

Pegasus. A winged horse which sprang from the blood of Medusa, when slain by the mythical hero Perseus.

17. **the basest horn.** Notice the double meaning.

18. **Hermes.** The Greek name for Mercury, who played on a shepherd's pipe.

21. **Perseus.** The Greek hero who rode the winged horse Pegasus.

the dull elements. According to the old belief all things were composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, mingled in various proportions.

24. **jades.** Worn out horses.

35. **argument.** Subject, theme.

41. **Rambures.** Master of the crossbows and one of the leaders at Agincourt. He was killed in battle.

53. **faced out.** Here with the additional meaning of *shamed, outfaced.*

56. **go to hazard.** Gamble, play at dice. In the next speech it means "put yourself in danger".

81. **his lackey.** That is, his servant received the only blows that the Dauphin ever gave.

hooded valour. When a hawk or falcon was not employed in the pursuit of game its eyes were hooded.

82. **bate.** To bate is to flap the wings, in preparation for flight. Here it has the additional meaning of *to diminish.*

89. **have at.... proverb.** Give a pointed answer to that proverb, just as one might strike at the eye of his adversary.

A pox of. Plague take.

91-2. Your skill at proverbs is like that of the fool who speaks without thinking,—just as a foolish archer shoots his arrow (bolt) without taking proper aim.

93. **shot over.** Missed the mark.

94. **over shot.** Beaten at shooting.

104. **out of knowledge.** Away from the country that he is acquainted with.

105. **apprehension.** Understanding, intelligence.

112. **winking.** Without seeing where they are going.

112-3. **into the mouth of a Russian bear.** The dogs were used in bear-baiting.

117. **robustious.** Violent, fierce.

121. **shrewdly.** Badly.

Analysis of Act III.

At the close of Act II. the French king promised to give an answer on the following day to the demands of the English king. In the meantime the fleet bearing the English army has crossed the channel to Harfleur and the English are prepared to lay siege to the city. The French king's reply proves unsatisfactory; the assault is begun; and shortly afterwards the city is surrendered. In the meantime, instead of pushing on to Rouen, Henry resolves, on account of the approach of winter and because of sickness in his camp, to march to Calais. The French attempt to block his way and make an effort to hold the bridge over the Ternoise; but the Duke of Exeter forces them to retire. They take up their position at Agincourt beyond the bridge, and there, at the close of Act III., the two armies are encamped ready for battle. Act III. carries us through the first stage of the campaign.

Aside from these events themselves, the audience are, of course, interested in the characters who are concerned in them. The King's speech before Harfleur and his answer to the French herald show the spirit which animates the English. Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol make some pretence of courage; but the boy who is servant to all three knows that all three are cowards. The disputes of Macmorris, Gower, Jamy, and

Fluellen, all true soldiers, are intended chiefly to entertain the audience. The French, on their part, are spurred to action by the fall of Harfleur, but the contempt in which they hold the English, their foolish over-confidence, and their demand for ransom, only help to heighten the dramatic interest in their ultimate defeat.

In the midst of all these noisy scenes of battle and bloodshed and defiance, and in the very centre of the play, there lies the charming little scene in which the Princess Katharine receives her first lesson in English. Some critics say that Shakespeare did not write this scene; but it is pleasing because of its very simplicity and naivete, and it foreshadows the later scene in the play in which King Henry begs of Katharine to become Queen of England.

Questions on Act III.

1. What information does the Prologue give that is not given elsewhere in Act III.?

2. (*a*) In the speech of King Henry before Harfleur (Scene I.) what is the real substance of his appeal to his soldiers?

(*b*) Point out two striking figures of speech in this scene.

3. (*a*) In Scene II. do you think that the speech of the boy is natural? Why is it introduced?

(*b*) What characteristics of Fluellen, Jamy, and Macmorris, respectively, are shown in their conversation in this scene?

4. Give the substance of the King's appeal to the Governor of Harfleur. Do you think that this speech serves any good purpose in the play?

5. Some critics are of the opinion that Scene IV. was not a part of the original play, as written by Shakespeare. Do you think that it is of any value in the development of the plot?

6. (*a*) In Scene V. we are told that the English have passed the river Somme. Towards what place are they marching?

(*b*) What is the dramatist's purpose in introducing the names of so many noblemen into the French king's speech?

(*c*) The king commanded the Dauphin to remain in Rouen, the capital. Why? Did the Dauphin remain?

7. (*a*) How did Pistol manage to impress Fluellen with the idea that he was very brave?

(*b*) In what details mentioned in Scene VI. does the King show himself to be a wise military leader?

8. Point out three references in Act III. to the fact that the English forces have been reduced by sickness.

9. What is the Constable's opinion of the Dauphin as shown in the midnight conversation in Scene VII.?

10. What references are made by King Henry, and by the French leaders, respectively, to England, in Act III.?

Act IV.—Prologue

The Prologue to Act IV. gives a graphic description of the opposing camps during the night before the battle; and this description is followed by a vivid picture of the king as he goes from tent to tent, in which some of his finer personal qualities are portrayed. The Prologue closes with an apology for the inability of the actors to represent the battle itself upon the stage.

1. **entertain conjecture.** Imagine.

2. **poring.** Brooding over the earth.

9. Each army (battle) or division of the army sees the darkened faces of those in the opposing army.

12. **accomplishing.** Completing the equipment.

14. **note.** Notice, indication.

19. Gamble as to the number of English prisoners they will take.

low-rated. Under-estimated, despised.

23. **sacrifices.** Victims ready for sacrifice.

25. **gesture.** Appearance, bearing.

26. **Investing.** Accompanying, overspreading.

37-8. He does not show one bit less colour as a result of weariness and of watching the whole night through.

39. **overbears attaint.** Overcomes the tainting influences of a night's watching. Looks fresh and shows no trace of weariness.

40. **semblance.** Looks, appearance.

43. largess. Usually, generous gifts; here, abundance of cheerful looks.

46. as may my unworthiness define. As our actors, unworthy though they are, will interpret.

50. ragged. Wretched.

foils. Weapons with protected points, used in fencing.

51. ill-disposed. Used without skill.

53. Minding. Calling to mind, imagining.

Scene I.

This scene contributes very little to the development of the main plot, but it proves to be one of the most interesting scenes in the play, chiefly because it gives a more personal and intimate picture of the king. In the beginning of the scene, he shows his solicitude for his "good old commander", Sir Thomas Erpingham. Then having disguised his appearance, he hears himself described by Pistol as a "lovely bully", listens to a conversation between Fluellen and Gower, and talks at length with two of his soldiers as to a king's responsibility for the welfare of his subjects. Then left to himself he contrasts the lot of a king with that of his subjects. His talk with his soldiers and his own meditations have left him in a serious and humble mood, and before he rejoins the nobles he pauses for a moment to pray for pardon for past wrongs and for strength to achieve victory.

Stage direction. Bedford had remained in England as regent and was not present at Agincourt. Gloucester commanded one of the main divisions of the English army.

5. observingly distil it out. Draw it out, or extract it, as the result of observation.

7. husbandry. Economy.

10. dress us. Address ourselves, make ready.

12. make a moral of. Draw a moral from.

13. Sir Thomas Erpingham. An English nobleman, steward in the King's household.

16. likes me. Pleases me.

19. upon example. Because of the example set by others.

23. With casted slough. Like a snake which has cast off its old skin.

legerity. Lightness, nimbleness.

36. Qui va là. Who goes there?

38. Discuss. Tell.

39. popular. Belonging to the common people.

41. Trail'st. Because it was heavy the pike was usually trailed.

45. bawcock. Fine fellow.

46. imp. Child; literally, a sprout or scion.

53. Welshman. Because he was born at Monmouth.

56. leek. The national emblem of Wales, worn in the cap on Saint David's day.

57. St. Davy's day. March 1st. St. David is the patron saint of Wales.

62. figo. Fig.

65. sorts well. Is in keeping.

68. admiration. Wonder.

71. Pompey the Great. A great Roman general (106-48 B.C.).

72-3. tiddle-taddle, pibble-pabble. Tittle-tattle, bibble-babble.

96. estate. Condition.

97. sand. Shoal.

103. element. The sky.

104. conditions. Qualities.

ceremonies. Ceremonial dress.

105-6. though his affections . . . . wing. Though his heart is set on higher things than ours, yet he is downcast, just as we are, at failure.

107. with like wing. The figure is taken from falconry.

109. relish. Character, quality.

138. rawly left. Left behind without proper provision.

141. when blood is their argument. When bloodshed is their object.

143-4. proportion of subjection. What is due on the part of subjects.

150-1. **irreconciled iniquities.** Sins for which he has not been forgiven.

157. **arbitrement.** Trial by which it is decided.

161. **broken seals of perjury.** Solemn vows which have been broken.

161-3. **some making . . . robbery.** Some that were already robbers in times of peace, now making the wars their excuse.

164. **outrun native punishment.** Escaped punishment in their own country.

166. **beadle.** Officer of punishment.

167. **here.** On the battlefield.

before-breach. Former violation.

170. **unprovided.** Without preparation for death.

176. **mote.** Speck.

178. **blessedly lost.** That is, well spent.

180. **making God so free an offer.** Having of their own free will offered to repent and live better lives in the future.

194. **pay.** Call him to account, punish him.

195. **elder-gun.** Pop-gun, made of the wood of the elder.

200. **Your reproof . . . round.** You take me to task too bluntly.

205. **gage.** Pledge to be redeemed.

206. **bonnet.** Cap.

224. **crowns.** There is a play on the word *crown*, which may mean a coin, the crown of the head, or the crown worn by a king.

clipper. It was a treasonable act to clip a coin or deface the king's image on it.

228. **hard condition.** A state of things that is hard to endure.

229. **subject.** Modifies "condition". The king's state of mind is governed by the complaints and criticisms of fools who are insensible to everything but their own suffering (wringing).

237. **mortal.** Human.

240. What is the real reason why men adore thee?

249. **titles blown from adulation.** Flattering titles.

250. **flexure.** Bending of the knee.

252-4. **No, thou proud dream . . . . find thee.** People dream that ceremony,—which so deceitfully disturbs the king's repose, would make them happy, but it is not so. I am king and I know what ceremony really means.

255. **balm.** The oil used to anoint the newly-crowned king.

sceptre. The baton borne before the king as a sign of his power.

ball. At his coronation the king carries in his left hand a ball, the symbol of majesty.

256. **mace.** The staff which is a symbol of authority.

257. **intertissued.** Interwoven.

258. **farced title.** For example, "His most gracious majesty, King George", in which "His most gracious majesty" is the "title running before" the word *king*. "Farced" literally means "stuffed", and it suggests that the words of the title are empty and meaningless.

260. That makes itself felt throughout the world.

264. **vacant.** Free from care.

265. **distressful.** Earned by distressing labour.

268. **the eye of Phoebus.** The heat of the sun.

269. **Sleeps in Elysium.** Sleeps happily. Elysium is the abode of the blessed after death.

269-70. He rises with the sun. Hyperion is the sun-god.

275. **fore-hand.** The same as "vantage"; advantage.

277. **wots.** Knows.

279. Whose hours bring the greatest advantage to the peasant. "Hours", though plural in form, is subject of the singular verb "advantages".

280. **jealous of.** Anxious concerning.

288-97. Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., had been banished by Richard II., and in 1399 on the death of John of Gaunt, the father of Bolingbroke, Richard had confiscated his estates. Henry returned from exile, ostensibly to claim his inheritance, but the nobles and the common people alike flocked to his standard, and in a short time Richard was

forced to abdicate and Henry was proclaimed king. Richard was imprisoned in Pontefract castle, and died, probably of starvation, the following year.

289. **compassing.** Obtaining, securing.

296. **chantries.** Churches endowed for the maintenance of priests to sing or say mass for the souls of the dead.

299. **comes after all.** Since after everything else is done, I must be penitent and implore pardon.

Scene II.

In this as in previous scenes the dramatist endeavours to heighten our interest in the combat itself and increase our satisfaction in the subsequent victory by showing the over-confidence of the French and their disparagement of the English.

Stage direction. The Dauphin was not present at the battle of Agincourt.

2. **montez à cheval!** To horse!

varlet. Valet, page. **laquais.** The French for "page".

4-6. The meaning of these lines is obscure. They may be translated as follows:

Dau. Begone! water and earth.

Orl. Nothing further? Air and fire.

Dau. Heaven, cousin Orleans.

It probably means that the horse will ride over water and earth, through air and fire and even heaven itself.

9. **make incision.** With your spurs.

10-1. That their hot blood may spurt into the eyes of the English and that the superfluous blood (a sign of courage) may put their eyes out.

18. **shales.** Shells.

21. **curtle-axe.** Cutlass.

25. 'Tis certain, beyond all objections.

29. **hilding.** Cowardly, spiritless.

31. **for idle speculation.** To look on idly.

35. **The tucket sonance.** The sound of a trumpet call.

36. **dare the field.** Terrify them. An expression used in falconry.

38. **Grandpré.** Leader of one of the main divisions in the French army.

39. **desperate of their bones.** In despair of their lives.

40. **Ill favouredly become.** Are ugly in appearance and suit ill with the field in the morning light.

41. **ragged curtains.** Ragged standards.

43. To judge by their beggarly appearance, Mars the God of war is bankrupt of equipment, and the men in their rusty helmets show little warlike spirit.

45. Ancient candlesticks sometimes took the form of human figures holding torches in their hands.

47. **Lob.** Droop.

48. **down-roping.** Running down like bits of rope or string.

49. **gimmal bit.** A bit made of rings linked together.

51. **executors.** Because they dispose of their bodies after death.

53-5. It is impossible to find suitable words to describe the life of such an army (battle) which shows itself so lacking in life (lifeless).

61. **a trumpet.** A trumpeter.

SCENE III.

The fact that the English are so few in number compared with the French, calls forth the fine patriotic speech of the King in which he pictures graphically the honours to be won by victory over the French. There is a touch of irony in the fact that when the King is in his most exalted mood the French herald comes to demand ransom. There is, of course, not a moment's doubt as to what the King's answer will be. He speaks "proudly", and his reply to the herald is a fitting prelude to the battle which follows.

Stage direction. Neither Exeter nor Westmoreland were present at the battle of Agincourt. Exeter had been left in com-

mand of Harfleur (see Act III., Sc. 3, ll. 51-3); and Westmoreland had remained in England as a member of the council of the Regent.

11. **Salisbury.** Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

14. You are composed of the truest sort of valour.

16-8. Holinshed says that "one of the host" expressed this wish. The speaker was, in reality, an English nobleman, Sir Walter Hungerford by name.

20. **enow.** Enough.

26. **yearns.** Grieves.

27. I do not long for such outward things as food and garments.

35. **stomach.** Inclination.

37. **convoy.** Conveyance, to pay for his journey home.

39. That fears being my companion in death.

40. **the feast of Crispian.** St. Crispin's day was October 25. Crispinus and Crispianus were two Roman brethren who suffered martyrdom, at Soissons, France, during the persecution of the Christians early in the fourth century.

45. **vigil.** The evening before.

50. **with advantages.** With additions. They will exaggerate the story in telling it.

54. **Warwick.** He was not at the battle of Agincourt. After the siege of Harfleur he was taken ill and returned to England.

63. **gentle his condition.** Raise him to the rank of gentleman.

66. **hold their manhoods cheap.** Have a poor opinion of their own courage.

68. **bestow yourself.** Take up your position.

69. **bravely.** Making a splendid show.

in their battles set. Drawn up in their battalions.

70. **expedience.** Speed.

80. **compound.** Come to an agreement.

83. **englutted.** Swallowed up.

84. **mind.** Remind.

86. **retire.** Retirement, passage.

91. **achieve me.** Get possession of me; or it may mean, "Make an end of me".

97. A record of this day's work shall appear in the tablets of brass set into their monuments.

101. **reeking.** In vapour.

104-7. Just as a bullet after grazing one man, may strike and kill another, so the bodies of the English are so full of abundant valour that even though dead they will still do mischief by killing people of the plague as they (the bodies) fall back into decay, (in relapse of mortality).

109. **for the working day.** For work, not for mere show.

113. **argument.** Proof.

114. **slovenry.** Slovenly appearance.

115. **in the trim.** In fine condition.

124. **'em.** An abbreviated form of *hem* the old dative plural of the pronoun.

125. **Shall yield them little.** Henry means that rather than yield he will be cut to pieces in the fight.

130. **vaward.** Vanguard.

131. **York.** Son of Edmund, Duke of York, who was the youngest son of Edward III. See note on Act. II., Prologue, ll. 23-5.

SCENE IV.

The humour of this scene lies in the fact that the audience know Pistol to be a bullying coward, while the French prisoner, who understands no English, mistakes his noisy bluster for real valour. It is the only time that Pistol's swagger deceives any one, but it is a Frenchman whom he bullies, and the audience is willing to allow him his triumph.

2-3. I think that you are a gentleman of good quality.

4. **Qualtitie calmie custure me.** This is meaningless.

8. **Perpend.** Consider.

9. **fox.** Sword. A sword blade sometimes had a fox or a wolf engraved on it.

11. **egregious.** Extraordinary.

12. Oh, have mercy. Take pity on me.

13. **Moy.** Pistol takes this to be the name of a coin.

14. **rim.** The diaphragm.

16-7. Is it impossible to escape the force of thy arm?

25. Listen! What is thy name?

28. **firk.** Beat.

ferret. Worry, as a ferret worries its victim.

33. What does he say, sir?

34-6. He commands me to tell you to prepare; for this soldier is inclined to cut your throat at once.

40-2. O, I beg of you, for the love of God, pardon me! I am a gentleman of good family; preserve my life and I will give you two hundred crowns.

49. Young man, what does he say?

50-3. Although it is contrary to his oath to pardon any prisoner, nevertheless, for the crowns that you have promised him, he is satisfied to give you liberty, set you free.

54-7. Upon my knees I thank you a thousand times; and I consider myself happy that I have fallen into the hands of a knight, who is, I think, the most brave, valiant and distinguished nobleman in England.

65. Follow the great captain.

69-71. In the Morality plays two of the best known characters were the Devil and Vice, (the clown or buffoon). The latter carried a dagger of lath with which he used to belabour the Devil, and with it too, he sometimes made a pretence of paring the Devil's nails.

Scene V.

This brief scene shows us the turning-point of the battle. The French are routed. The Dauphin and his companions have suffered "everlasting shame", but even in their defeat there is still a flash of courage which half redeems their shame. The day is lost, but they are willing at least to "die in harness".

2. O Lord! The day is lost, all is lost!

3. **Mort de ma vie!** O may I die!

confounded. Ruined.

5. **in our plumes.** On our heads.

O méchante fortune. O wretched fortune.

7. **perdurable.** Lasting.

13. May the confusion that led to our defeat help us now.

14. **on heaps.** In heaps, in crowds.

Scene VI.

This scene supplies a touch of pathos, which helps to set off the English victory to better advantage. A victory that is not gained without some losses is scarcely worth the winning.

But at the close of this scene the King gives orders to kill the French prisoners. To a twentieth century audience the King's action seems unjustifiable, but a Shakespearean audience no doubt looked on reprisals in a different way, for the incident is evidently intended to increase the military prestige of the King.

8. **Larding.** Enriching.

9. **Yoke-fellow.** Companion, partner.

honour-owing. Possessing honour, honourable. "Owing" has the sense of *owning*.

11. **haggled.** Hacked, mangled.

21. **raught.** Reached.

26. **espoused to death.** With death ready to claim him, as a bride her husband.

26-7. **sealed a testament.** Confirmed a declaration, gave authentic evidence.

31. **all my mother.** My tender feelings.

33-4. Hearing this I must needs come to terms with my own moist eyes or they too will weep.

Scene VII.

The action of the French in killing the boys who were left in charge of the luggage helps to justify the King in having ordered the French prisoners to be put to death. In this scene there is a threat of still further reprisals, which fortu-

nately are not necessary. With the arrival of Montjoy, the French herald, to sue for peace, the fighting ceases, and the remainder of the scene is given over to the glove episode. Throughout this scene the tension is relieved by the unconscious humour of Fluellen.

18. **Macedon.** A district to the north of Greece.

30. **figures.** Resemblances.

35. **Cleitus.** A Macedonian general who on one occasion saved the life of Alexander the Great. Alexander slew him in a drunken brawl at a banquet.

45. **gipes.** Gibes.

56. **skirr.** Scurry.

57. **Enforced.** Sent by force.

Assyrian slings. The book of Judith says that the Assyrians "trust to shield and spear and bow and sling".

64. **fined.** Set aside as a fine with which to pay my ransom.

66. **charitable license.** Generous permission.

74. **Fret.** Chafe.

75. **Yerk.** Jerk.

80. **peer.** Look up and down.

94-5. **Monmouth caps.** Monmouth was noted for its caps.

99. **a memorable honour.** In honour of a memorable day.

111. **just notice.** Accurate information.

130. **quite from . . . degree.** One who would be above answering the challenge of a soldier of common rank (degree).

135. **a Jack-sauce.** A saucy fellow.

146. **favour.** Badge.

147. **Alençon.** A French duke whose fight with King Henry is mentioned by Holinshed.

150-1. **apprehend.** Seize.

172. **touched with choler.** When moved by anger.

173. **injury.** Insult.

Scene VIII.

The first part of this scene is a mingling of seriousness and humour, when Fluellen and Williams come to blows. The message brought by the English herald later in the scene shows how decisive a victory has been won; and the triumph of the English, and the satisfaction of the audience, is complete.

32. **is pear.** Will bear.

33. **avouchment.** Avouch, bear witness.

38. You spoke to me in most bitter terms.

60. **prabbles.** Brabbles; noisy quarrels.

84. **of blood and quality.** Of noble blood and high rank.

95. **a royal fellowship of death.** A royal company whom death has claimed.

99. **of name.** Of note.

117. **Non nobis.** The first words of the Latin version of Psalm CXV.

Analysis of Act IV.

Act IV. is devoted entirely to the events relating to the battle of Agincourt. In the first part of the Act the King in his conversation with Erpingham and with Williams, in his soliloquies, and in his stirring reply to Westmoreland and to Montjoy (Scene III.), reveals his own personal qualities in such a fashion as to win and hold our sympathies. And the device of having the King talk to his soldiers incognito is one which always holds the interest of an audience. The battle itself is not represented on the stage; but a couple of incidents are presented to show that it is in progress. The scene in which Pistol extorts a ransom from his French prisoner creates diversion, and the scene in which the Dauphin and the French nobles appear, shows the audience how the struggle is going. The latter part of the Act is full of dramatic incident. The story of the deaths of York and Suffolk, the report of the killing of the boys, with the King's reprisals, the return of Montjoy to sue for peace, the humorous glove incident, and the final reckoning of the killed and prisoners, follow in quick

succession and leave not a dull or idle moment. In addition to the interest of character and incident, the dramatist has contrived to give added impressiveness to the serious scenes by invoking Divine sanction for the English cause, and professing to see in such a glorious victory the evidence of Divine favour.

Questions on Act IV.

1. (a) How do the French and the English, respectively, spend the night before the battle?

(b) What does King Henry do to encourage his soldiers?

2. (a) Point out the humour of the interview between Pistol and King Henry.

(b) "Pistol's conversation with Gower in this scene is quite characteristic of him". Explain.

3. Give briefly the substance of the argument by which King Henry convinces Williams that the King should not have to answer for the sins of those who are killed in battle.

4. According to King Henry, what advantage does the King enjoy that "private men" do not? And what advantage, on the other hand, does the laborer enjoy that the King does not?

5. What comments do the Constable and Grandpré make upon the appearance of the English? What explanation does King Henry make in the following scene as to their appearance?

6. Just before the battle, Westmoreland says;

> "O that we now had here
> But one ten thousand of those men in England
> That do no work today!"

Give in your own words, point by point, the King's answer.

7. Show by reference to Scenes III. and IV. what part the Duke of York played in the battle.

8. Upon what different occasions in the course of the play does the French herald Montjoy appear? What is his message on each of these occasions?

9. Gower says, in Scene VII. "The king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat". Why did the King do this? Do you think his action was justified?

10. Why did the King ask Fluellen to wear the glove of Williams in his cap instead of wearing it himself as he had agreed to do?

11. The dramatist naturally wishes to make the victory of the English appear to the best advantage possible. How does he succeed in doing this?

12. (a) On the whole, what impression do you get of the King's character as seen in his treatment of Erpingham, Montjoy, Pistol, Fluellen, and Willliams?

(b) "The spirit with which Henry receives the news of the victory is such as to raise him still further in our estimation". Justify this statement.

Act V.—Prologue

The chief function of the Prologue to Act V. is to outline the events that take place between the victory of Agincourt and the peace negotiations in the final scene of the play. It gives a vivid picture of King Henry's triumphal return to England, and tells of the preliminary peace negotiations and the return of Henry to France; but it omits, as does the play, any mention of Henry's second campaign in France, and the siege and capture of Rouen previous to the signing of the treaty of peace in 1420.

Stage direction. Two new characters, Queen Isabel and the Duke of Burgundy appear in this scene. For explanation see Historical Background, p. xviii.

1. Vouchsafe. Grant.

2. prompt them. Give them a hint of it.

3. admit the excuse. For this faulty representation, accept the excuse that our time is too short, etc.

10. Pales in the flood. The beach, with men, etc., forms a boundary (pale) for the ocean.

12. whiffler. The official who marches at the head of a procession to clear the way.

14. solemnly. In state.

16. Blackheath. Now a part of London, but formerly a common to the south of the city.

21-2. Giving to God the honours for trophies of war, tokens and shows (ostents) of victory.

29. As on a similar occasion, which, though on a lesser scale, we love to dwell on.

29-34. The Earl of Essex set out for Ireland on March 27, 1599, for the purpose of suppressing a rebellion in that country. He returned on September 28 without having accomplished his purpose. The play of *Henry V.* was evidently written and acted while Essex was absent and the prophecy regarding his triumphant return was unfortunately not fulfilled. See note on the date of the play, p. xi.

30. **empress.** Queen Elizabeth.

32. **broached.** Transfixed, spitted.

36-7. The French can give no thought as yet to anything but lamentation for their losses, so that it would be useless for the King of England to go to discuss terms of peace.

38. **The emperor's coming.** The emperor is coming. Sigismund, emperor of Germany, whose wife was a second cousin of King Henry, came to England in 1416 as a mediator between England and France.

42-3. **play'd the interim.** Represented the intervening time.

43. **remembering.** Reminding.

44. **brook abridgment.** Permit me to omit this part of the story.

advance. Send forward.

Scene I.

In point of time Scene I. properly belongs to Act IV. As the stage direction shows, the incident presented in this scene takes place while the English army is still in France, and precedes the events narrated in the Prologue. Some editors have, accordingly, transferred the scene to the previous Act. This is one of the most humorous scenes in the play, and the humiliation of Pistol helps to satisfy our sense of justice, even though it does not put an end to his knavery.

5. **scauld.** Scurvy.

17. **Bedlam.** Mad. "Bedlam" is derived from *Bethlehem*, the name of a hospital in London used as an asylum for the insane.

18. **Trojan.** Used ironically for "coward".

Parca's fatal web. One of the Parcae, the three Fates, spun the thread of life; another cut it with her shears at the appointed time.

25. **Cadwallader.** The last of the Welsh kings.

35. **astonished.** Filled him with terror.

38. **coxcomb.** Head.

52. **groat.** A small coin.

64-5. **upon an honourable respect.** For an honourable cause.

66. **predeceased valour.** Ancient courage.

67. **gleeking.** Jeering.

galling. Scoffing.

69. **in the native garb.** After the manner of native-born Englishmen.

72. **condition.** Disposition.

73. **huswife.** Hussy. Has fortune jilted me?

81. **Gallia.** French.

SCENE II.

The final scene in the play has to do with the negotiations for peace between England and France. After the formal greetings are over, the Duke of Burgundy introduces the subject of the peace negotiations; and the French king and Queen and English nobles retire to consider the proposed terms. It is understood that the marriage of King Henry and Princess Katharine is to be one of the chief conditions of peace; and the audience are given a charming picture of the wooing of King Henry after the fashion of a blunt plain-spoken soldier. In the meantime the French king has agreed to the English terms and the play closes happily with a reference to the marriage of Henry and Katharine,—which follows soon after. The Epilogue links up the story of Henry V. with that of Henry VI. with which the audience are already familiar.

16. **bent.** Glance.

17. The basilisk was a fabulous creature whose glances were fatal to those whom it looked on. But there is a double meaning in the line, for the basilisk is also a species of cannon.

19. **their quality.** Their fatal effect.

27. **bar.** Place of meeting. There may be a reference to the actual barrier which usually separated the two parties.

29. **office.** Activity as mediator.

31. **congreeted.** Greeted each other.

33. **rub.** Obstacle.

37. **put up.** Lift up.

40. **it.** "It" was sometimes used as a possessive before the form "its" came into common use.

42. **even-pleach'd.** Evenly interwoven.

44. **fallow leas.** Uncultivated fields.

45. **darnel, hemlock, fumitory.** Common weeds.

47. That should uproot such wild growth.

48. **erst.** Formerly.

49. **burnet.** A medicinal plant.

51. **Conceives by idleness.** Brings forth weeds because it is left idle.

52. **kecksies.** Hemlocks.

55. **Defective in their natures.** Defective when left in their natural state.

61. **defused.** Disordered.

63. **favour.** Appearance.

65. **let.** Hindrance, impediment.

68. **would.** Wish, would have.

72-3. Whose general purport and particular details are set forth in the schedule you have in your hands.

77. **cursorary.** Cursory.

81. **suddenly.** Without delay, speedily.

82. State the answer which we have accepted and which will be final. "Accept" may mean *acceptance*, in which case it is

a noun ; or it may mean *accepted*, in which case it is an adjective modifying *answer*.

88. **advantageable.** Advantageous.

90. **consign.** Agree.

94. When conditions involving fine (nice) distinctions are insisted upon.

96. **capital.** Chief.

97. **fore-rank.** Forefront.

111-2. *Kath.* What does he say? That I am like the angels?
Alice. Yes, truly, by your leave, he says so.

115-6. O heavens! The tongues of men are full of deception.

125. **had sold my farm.** Was in reality a farmer.

128. **I wear out my suit.** I am at the end of my wooing.

133. **You undid me.** You would be my undoing.

135. **in measure.** In keeping time to music.

141. **Jack-an-apes.** Ape.

142. **greenly.** Foolishly.

148. **let thine eye be thy cook.** Let your eye make what it likes out of my looks.

152. **uncoined constancy.** Sincere devotion ; not like a piece of gold that is coined and in common use.

179-81. When I have possession of France and you have possession of me, then France is yours and you are mine.

180-1. **Saint Denis.** The patron saint of France.

181. **be my speed.** Help me.

185-6. By your leave, the French that you speak is better than the English that I speak.

200. **with scambling.** By a struggle.

201. **flower-de-luce.** Fleur-de-lis, or lily, the emblem of France.

201-2. **la plus . . . déesse.** The most beautiful Katharine in the world, my very dear and divine goddess.

209. **untempering.** Unable to soften a lady's heart.

225-6. **broken music.** A technical term used for "part music", where several instruments are played together. Henry is, of

course, punning on the term.

228. **de roi mon père.** The king my father.

235-8. *Kath.* Stop, my lord, stop, stop. I do not wish you to humble your greatness by kissing the hand of an unworthy servant of your lordship ; pardon me, I beg of you, my mighty lord.

240-1. It is not the custom in France for ladies and girls to be kissed before their marriage.

246. **entendre, etc.** To understand better than I.

249. **oui, vraiment.** Yes, to be sure.

252. **list.** Limits.

253. **follows our places.** Accompanies our rank.

255. **nice.** Over-precise, foolish.

269. **perspectively.** From a certain angle, which gives them a different appearance.

274. **so.** On condition that.

275. **wait on her.** Go with her.

275-6. **so the maid . . . will.** Thus the maid who prevented me from carrying out my wish to conquer France by force, shall help me to have my own way in the end.

281. According to the character of the demands so firmly proposed.

287. **Praeclarissimus.** Holinshed used this word, meaning "most illustrious"; but the original treaty had praecarissimus, meaning "most dear" to correspond to the French "très-cher".

289-90. I have not denied it so strongly as not to grant it on your request. "But" means "that not".

296. **look pale.** A reference to the white cliffs on either side of the Channel.

298. **dear conjunction.** This union which means so much to both countries.

299. **neighbourhood.** A neighborly spirit.

300. **advance.** Put forward, raise.

309. **ill office.** Injurious action.

fell jealousy. Cruel suspicion.

311. **paction.** League, alliance.

312. **incorporate league.** The league which unites them into one kingdom.

317. **for surety.** To make them binding.

319. **prosperous be.** Have happy results.

Epilogue.

2. **bending.** This may mean bending or moulding his story, or bending under his heavy task.

4. **by starts.** By unskilful treatment, not telling his story smoothly.

7. **best garden.** France.

9. **infant bands.** Swaddling clothes.

13. **which . . . shown.** The three parts of *King Henry VI.* had already been produced and had been acted many times.

for their sake. Because you are familiar with the characters of these plays.

14. **acceptance take.** Find favour.

Analysis of Act V.

Scene I., as already noted, is out of place in this Act. Scene II. provides a satisfactory ending for the play, with further opportunities for display of costume. An agreement has been reached by which Henry shall marry the Princess Katharine and shall succeed to the French throne upon the death of the king. While the terms of the treaty are being discussed in council, the audience are treated to a piece of serio-comedy in the wooing of King Henry. Katharine agrees, on condition that "it sall please de roi mon père",—and with the formal consent of the King and Queen the play ends happily.

Questions on Act V.

1. Point out three details mentioned in the Prologue, which help to make the picture of King Henry's triumphal return to England striking and vivid.

2. (*a*) "Even while he is being cudgelled by Fluellen, Pistol still keeps up a pretence of valour." Explain.

(*b*) Of what dramatic value is Gower's parting speech to Pistol?

3. None of the French leaders who appeared at Agincourt,—the Dauphin, the Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Rambures, Grandpré,—appear in the final scene. By reference to the play itself and to the notes, show what became of each of these noblemen.

4. The Duke of Burgundy appears only in this scene (Scene II). By reference to the Historical Background (p. xviii), show what special interest he had in bringing about peace between England and France.

5. If the dramatist had wished he might have represented Katharine as speaking English fluently, as do the French king and Queen and Burgundy, and the leaders of the French at Agincourt. What then is his purpose in making her speak broken English?

6. "The dramatist should have concluded his play with the close of Act IV. Act V. contains nothing that is essential to the plot, and the play would be better without it." Discuss this statement.

Subjects for Composition

Most of the following are more suitable as subjects for single paragraphs than for longer compositions; and in the case of some subjects relating to the historical side of the play it will probably be necessary for the student to supplement his information from the encyclopædia or history, before writing:

1. "May I with right and conscience make this claim?" (A summary of the historical facts).

2. The argument of Canterbury.

3. Henry V's title to the crown of England.

4. The conspiracy of Cambridge, Grey, and Scroop.

5. Nym and Bardolph.

6. The siege of Harfleur.

7. The events between the siege of Harfleur and the battle

of Agincourt.

8. The Dauphin and Henry V.—a contrast.

9. The English army before the battle of Agincourt,—as seen by the French.

10. "What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect that private men enjoy!"

11. The King in disguise (as seen in Act IV., Scene I.).

12. The battle of Agincourt,—an historical account.

13. Pistol and his prisoner.

14. The Dukes of York and Cambridge,—a contrast.

15. "The fault my father made in compassing the crown"

16. Montjoy's visits to the English camp.

17. The glove incident,—as told by Williams.

18. The part played by Exeter in *King Henry V.*

19. Pistol and Fluellen.

20. The Prologues in *King Henry V.*

21. The treaty of Troyes.

22. The Princess Katharine.

23. "Small time, but in that small most greatly lived this star of England".

24. The humour of *King Henry V.*

25. How England finally lost her French possessions.